

Highlights

THE MONTHLY BOOK

June
July
1960

for Children

fun

*Alaska Scenery
Here comes summer 30
Declaration of Independence
experiments - Page 39
Satellites - Page 39
Man's deepest ocean dive - 40*
with a purpose
*Richard Wagner - 43
air-pressure - 45*

Hello!



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Highlights for Children

June
July
1960

This book of wholesome fun
is dedicated
to helping children grow
in basic skills and knowledge,
in creativeness,
in ability to think and reason,
in sensitivity to others,
in high ideals
and worthy ways of living—
for CHILDREN are the
world's most important people.

Awarded
The 1960 Brotherhood
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The National Conference
of Christians and Jews

Vol. 15, No. 6

Stories and Features

A Chat With the Editor	5
Home Run Fever—Ruth E. MacGregor	6
Little Hunko Plays Hide-and-Seek—James E. Bathgate	8
The Bear Family—Garry Cleveland Myers, Ph.D.	11
Our Own Stories	12
The Timbertoes—John Gee	13
When Moses Was Angry—Dora P. Chaplin, S.T.D.	17
Sammy Spivens—Dorothy Waldo Phillips	18
Who Will It Be?—Edith Vestal	19
Surprise Award—Eva K. Betz	20
Alaska Scenery—Judy Landers	22
Goofus and Gallant—Garry Cleveland Myers	25
Masai—Marguerite J. Fisher, Ph.D.	26
Bats in the Belfry—Sydney K. Davis	28
Here Comes Summer—Glenn O. Blough, LL.D.	30
Andrew Jackson—Mabelle E. Martin	32
Garden Flowers—Lou and Campbell Grant	35
Our Own Page	36
Try This!	39
Theme From Tannhäuser— arranged by Irene H. Young	42
Richard Wagner—Irene Bennett Needham	43
Things You've Wondered About—Jack Myers, Ph.D.	45
"Happy Birthday" Around the World— Charles F. Berlitz	46

Verse

June Verse—Mabel Watts and others	16
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Things To Do

Find the Pictures	3
For Smart Reasoners	10
Hidden Pictures—John Gee	14
Word Fun	15
Matching Pictures	16
For Wee Folks	23
Fun With Fingers	24
Fun With Phonics	34
Tricks and Teasers	37
A Crossword Puzzle—Lucy Hamilton	40
Getting Ready To Read	41
Following Directions	44
Vegetable Menagerie—Jane Day	47
Things To Do—Barbara Gilpin and others	48
Headwork	50

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Find the Pictures

Foreign Lands

By Robert Louis Stevenson

Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

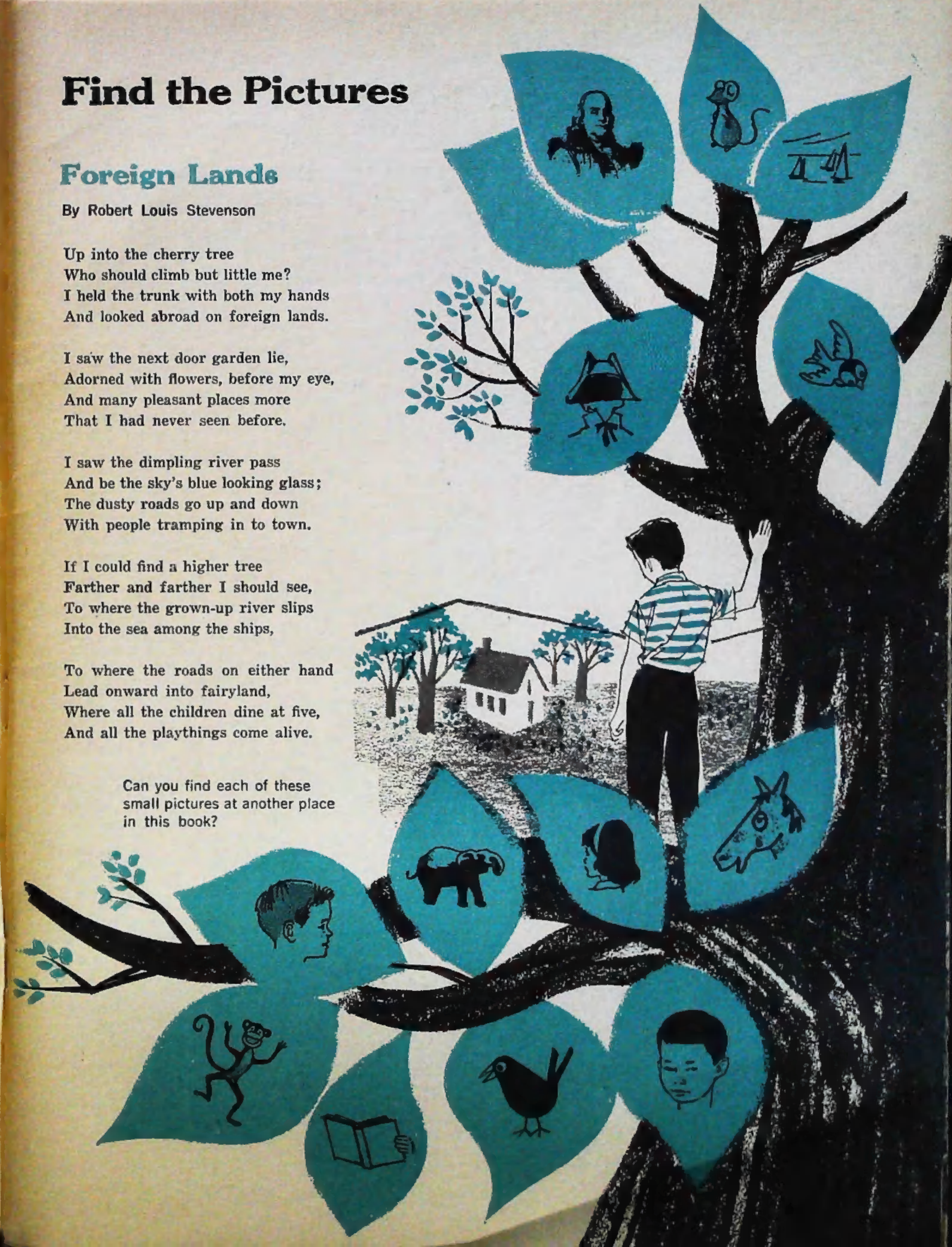
I saw the next door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping in to town.

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships,

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairyland,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

Can you find each of these
small pictures at another place
in this book?



Home Run Fever

By Ruth E. MacGregor
Illustrated by George H. Williams



Ronny Davis knelt in the on-deck circle, waiting for his turn at bat. Maybe this time he'd get that home run he had been yearning for.

He knew he was lucky to have made the team his first year at Milton High. And he was proud of his reputation as a good fielder. But he was a light hitter and it worried him. Milton needed strong hitters if it was to win the league championship, and Coach Burton had already weeded out a couple of his weak batters. So Ronny dreamed of line drives and home runs.

Whap! Dick Bradford really whacked one into right field. The ball bounced off the wall. Coach Burton waved Dick on, and he slid in at third base just a split second ahead of the ball.

Ronny walked to the edge of the batting box and waited for the

signal. Coach Burton just gave a quick nod, trusting Ronny to do what seemed right.

Ronny frowned at the scoreboard: Milton 2, Hilldale 3. It was the last of the sixth inning, and there was one out. Milton needed a run to tie up the score. Ronny rubbed dirt on his hands and glanced at third base. Dick grinned at him, looking tense and eager.

Ronny knew this was no time to be swinging for a long ball—too easy to strike out. Almost any little grounder would bring Dick in to score. Ronny stepped into the batter's box, took a short grip on the bat, and waited for the pitch. It was a curve. Ronny chopped at it and it bounded toward second base. The throw to first was easy, and Ronny was out. But Dick scored, tying it up 3 and 3. Milton's next batter flied out.

Ronny hid his disappointment and worked harder than ever in the field. He made some good stops and leaped high in the air to snag a fly, bringing a cheer from the fans. But all the while, he was thinking about his next turn at bat. He had that "home run" feeling.

The score was still tied up 3 and 3 in the last half of the ninth inning when Milton's team came to bat.

Joe Leach, the first one up, let the first pitch go by for strike one. He swung at the next one, slamming a line drive into left field. He rounded first and scrambled for second, sliding in safely just ahead of the throw.

Dick was up next, and Ronny moved to the on-deck circle. Dick chopped at the first pitch, and hit a roller toward first base. The first baseman outran him to the base

and Dick was out. But Joe had moved to third on the play.

Ronny walked to the plate, tingling with excitement. If Coach Burton would just give him the right signal, he'd swing away this time.

He saw Coach Burton again give that quick nod, and a half smile. Ronny caught his breath. He was free to try for the home run!

He took some time outside the batter's box, rubbing dirt on his hands. Something was bothering him. Coach Burton's nod meant Ronny was free to swing for a home run if he wanted to. But it meant something else, too. It meant the coach was trusting him to do the right thing for the team. And the most important thing to the team right now was pushing in that winning run, not wildly striking out, trying to prove how good he was.

He stepped into the batter's box and shortened his grip on the bat. The ball whizzed close to his shirt, and he stepped back for ball one. The next pitch was the one he was waiting for. He slapped it on the ground with the bat and it bounced slowly midway between first and second bases. Hilldale's second baseman charged in wildly, scooped it up and made the throw to the plate. But it was too late. Joe had scored and Milton had won! The Milton fans went wild.

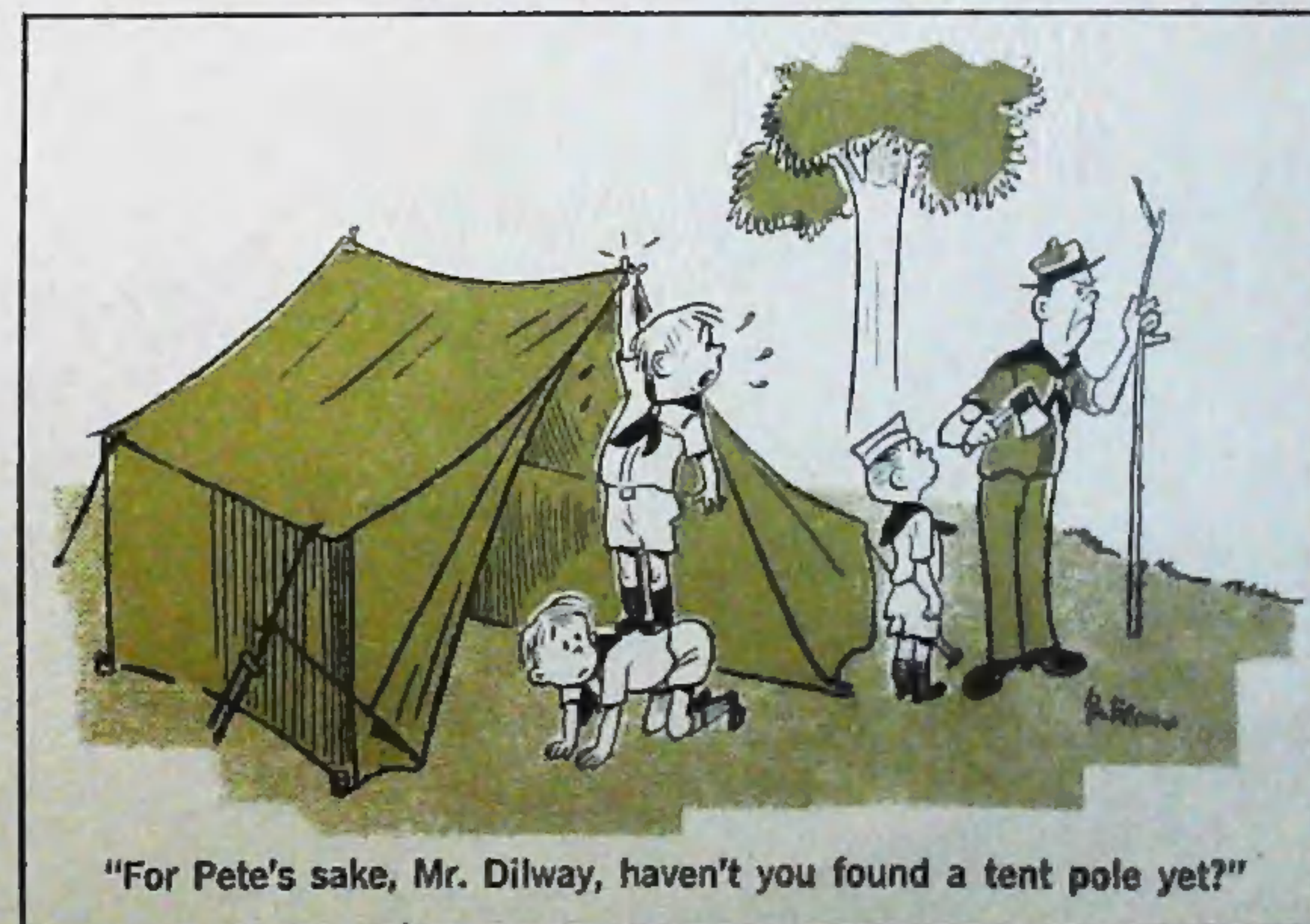
Ronny was torn between the thrill of his team's winning and his own keen disappointment at not having had the chance to hit a long ball. His shoulders slumped as he walked slowly toward the locker room. He felt suddenly very tired.

"Ronny! Ronny Davis!" It was Coach Burton hurrying to catch up. Ronny waited.



The coach grinned and laid an arm across Ronny's shoulder. "Just wanted to let you know I'm proud of you. You came through in the pinch. A real team man! It's team men that win ball games." "Thank you, sir," Ronny straightened. Somehow he wasn't so tired now. Someday, he thought, he might become a strong hitter.

He was surely going to try. But in the meantime he'd keep right on making Coach Burton proud—even if it meant scratchy little hits and dinky rollers instead of line drives and home runs. Milton needed strong hitters, but it needed team men, too. And Ronny Davis was going to be a team man, all the way.



"For Pete's sake, Mr. Dilway, haven't you found a tent pole yet?"

Little Hunko Plays Hide-and-Seek

By James E. Bathgate

Illustrated by Alice Chaplin

Little Hunko was frowning. He was frowning very hard.

He and his friends were playing hide-and-seek in the jungle. But Little Hunko wasn't having any fun at all. He didn't want to play any more.

He was too big, and whenever he tried to hide, he always stuck out somewhere and was caught right away. And his friends laughed at him.

But Pouncer, the little leopard, and Padpaw, the little tiger, and Beany, the little monkey, liked to play hide-

and-seek. They didn't care whether Little Hunko could hide or not.

But Little Hunko did. He didn't like to be caught all the time. And he didn't like to be laughed at all the time, either.

Pouncer began to count slowly. Padpaw crawled into a big bush. Beany scrambled up a tree.

But Little Hunko didn't do anything. He just stood there. "Hide-and-seek's no fun at all for an elephant," he grumbled. "There's never a place to hide."

Pouncer went on counting. Padpaw

peeked out from the top of the bush. Beany climbed out onto a branch right over Pouncer's head and waved excitedly to Little Hunko.

But Little Hunko wasn't watching. He was thinking of something else all of a sudden. For he had made up a poem without even meaning to.

Hide-and-seek's no fun at all
For an elephant to play,
For every time he tries to hide,
Most of him is still outside.

"Puff, puff," he thought to himself. "That's good!"

"Twenty-five!" yelled Pouncer. "Coming, ready or not!" He turned around and saw Little Hunko. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Aren't you hiding?"

"Sh!" replied Little Hunko. "Don't bother me!"

Pouncer looked around very carefully. But he didn't see Beany or Padpaw anywhere. And he started to walk away.

But Beany dropped quietly to the

"Ha, ha!" laughed Little Hunko. "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Beany. "Gr-rh!" muttered Pouncer, and he looked around for Padpaw.

But Little Hunko began to sing:

Hide-and-seek's no fun at all
For an elephant to play,
For every place that he can find
He can't quite crawl in behind.

And he began to laugh.

Beany began to laugh, too. And so did Pouncer.

"Let's ALL sing it!" said Beany.

"Wait till I find Padpaw," said Pouncer.

But Little Hunko and Beany didn't want to wait. They began teasing.

Hide-and-seek's no fun at all
For an elephant . . .

"TO PLAY!" yelled Padpaw suddenly. And he hopped out of his bush and jumped on top of Little Hunko's back. Then Pouncer jumped up, too. And so did Beany. But Little Hunko started dancing.

And while Little Hunko danced, Padpaw and Pouncer and Beany hung onto each other and made up their own song:-

Hide-and-seek may be no fun
For an elephant to play,
But hide-and-seek's no fun at all
If Hunko doesn't play.

"Puff, puff!" thought Little Hunko to himself as he went on dancing.





ground behind him and pulled his tail. Pouncer whirled around and grabbed at him. But he couldn't quite catch him.

★ Picturesque and humorous for anybody, three or ninety-three, to hear or read.



For Smart Reasoners

Look at each thing at the left. Find the thing most like it at the right.

tin can 	saucer 
football 	baseball 
hoop 	log 
button 	ring 
globe 	egg 

Which are working?
Which are playing?
What is the difference between working and playing?

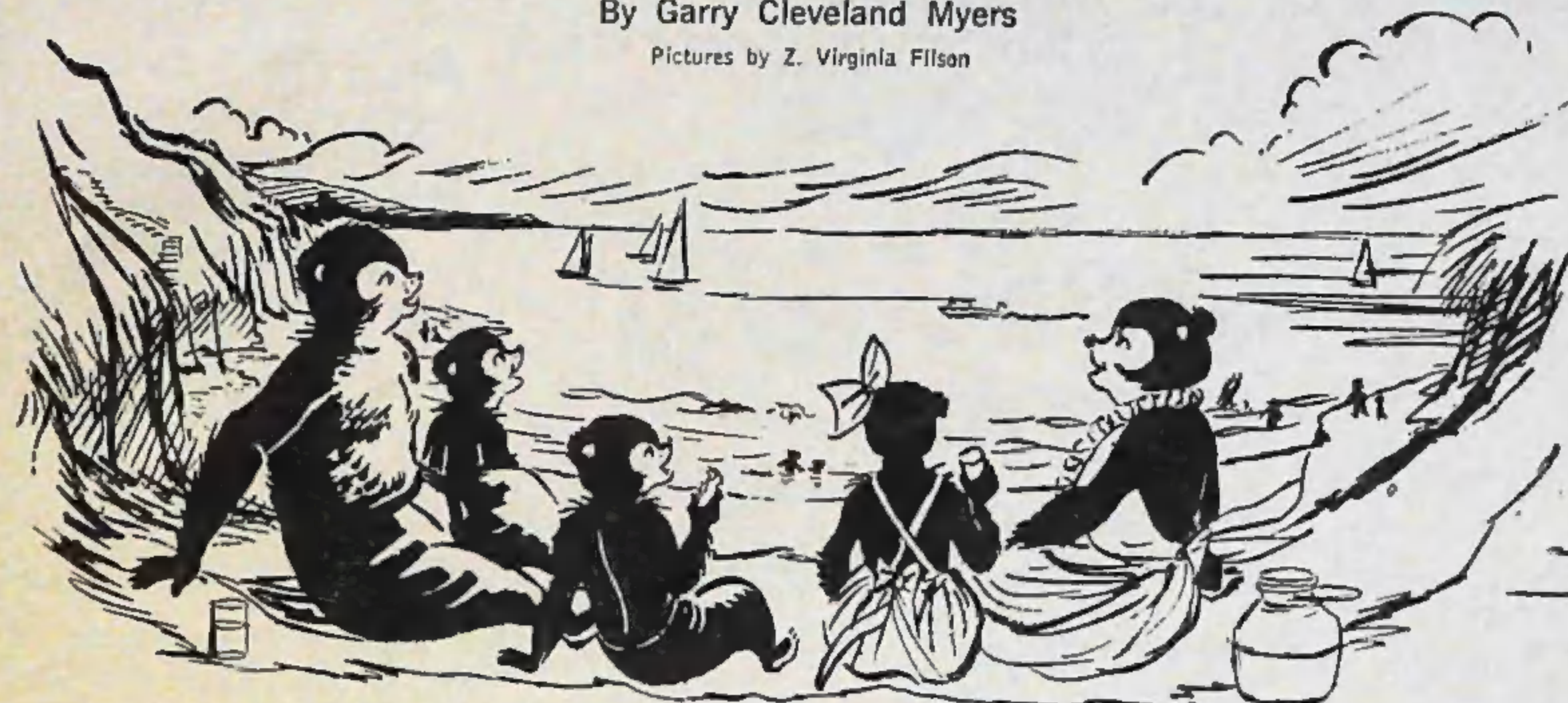


Look at each pair of foods. Suppose you were going on a camping trip for a few days, and had to carry all your food. Which food in each pair would you choose to take along?

Who's Afraid of Thunderstorms!

By Garry Cleveland Myers
Pictures by Z. Virginia Filson



Father: "Mother and I will be away tomorrow."
Mother: "Weather report says thunderstorms."

Poozy: "Who's afraid of thunderstorms!"
Piddy: "I'm not."



Mother: "Put down the windows if it rains."
Father: "And stay inside during the storm."

Poozy: "It's great fun to go out in the rain."
Piddy: "And I like it, too."



Father: "It's better to stay away from the trees."
Poozy: "Won't the trees keep off the rain?"

Woozy: "Yes. But lightning sometimes strikes tall trees."
Piddy: "Couldn't I try a little tree?"

Our Own Stories

The Robin

I saw a little robin sitting in a
tree. It seemed to be saying
hello to me. I like the little robin who
was sitting in the tree. For I knew
he was saying hello to me.

By Sandra Cairns

The above poem was sent to us in Braille

By Sandra Cairns, Age 9
Wisconsin School for the Visually Handicapped
Janesville, Wis.

By various combinations of dots up to six, arranged in rectangles, two dots wide and three high, Braille has a complete alphabet for thirty-five languages. Each dot is raised so it can be identified by touch instead of sight. In the February, 1960, issue of HIGHLIGHTS, you will find the story of the life of Louis Braille who developed the system which makes it possible for blind children today to read and write almost as fast as children who can see.

The Story of a Penny

Once upon a time there was a little boy who lost a penny. He did not feel badly about it because he had more at home. The penny was hoping that somebody would find it. It did not have to wait long. A little girl wanted ice cream. Her mother did not have enough

money. She was one penny short. As the little girl walked along she saw the penny lying on the sidewalk. She picked it up and promptly used it with the rest of her money for the ice cream she wanted.

Sherman Bodner, Age 8
43-01 46th St.
Sunnyside, N.Y.

My Brothers

I have two brothers aged 4½ months and 5 years. I have fun with them. My baby brother dribbles and scratches me. My bigger brother sometimes fights and argues with me, but I like them anyway. Wouldn't you?

Bonean Sonner, Age 8
2014 Stevens
Elkhart, Ind.

A Funny Pet

I have a pet whose name is Lucky. He lives in a fish bowl in my bedroom. He can breathe both in and out of water. Sometimes he swims, but most of the time he hides under a rock. He is such a good climber that we had to cover his bowl with a screen so he would not run away.

He is small enough to hold in your hand, but too wiggly and slippery. He is a pretty color: brown, with red and black spots on his back. His tail is long and he curls it around the rock. His eyes are round and black, and he never closes them.

Lucky is a kind of animal who is found in the woods, near pools or small streams. We saw some of his brothers when we went camping last spring. But we had to look carefully because they are shy and can run very fast.

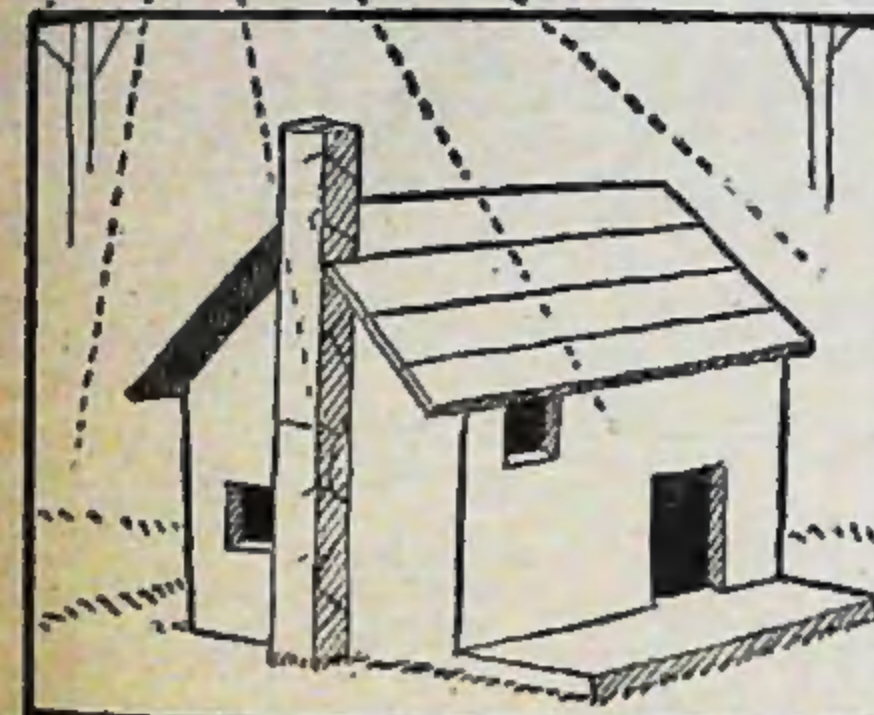
One day we let Lucky take a walk on the floor. Even though his legs are very short, he ran so fast we almost lost him. After we caught him, we decided he would be safer in his bowl.

Lucky is a funny pet. Can you guess what he is? He looks like a lizard and is related to a frog. He is—a newt!

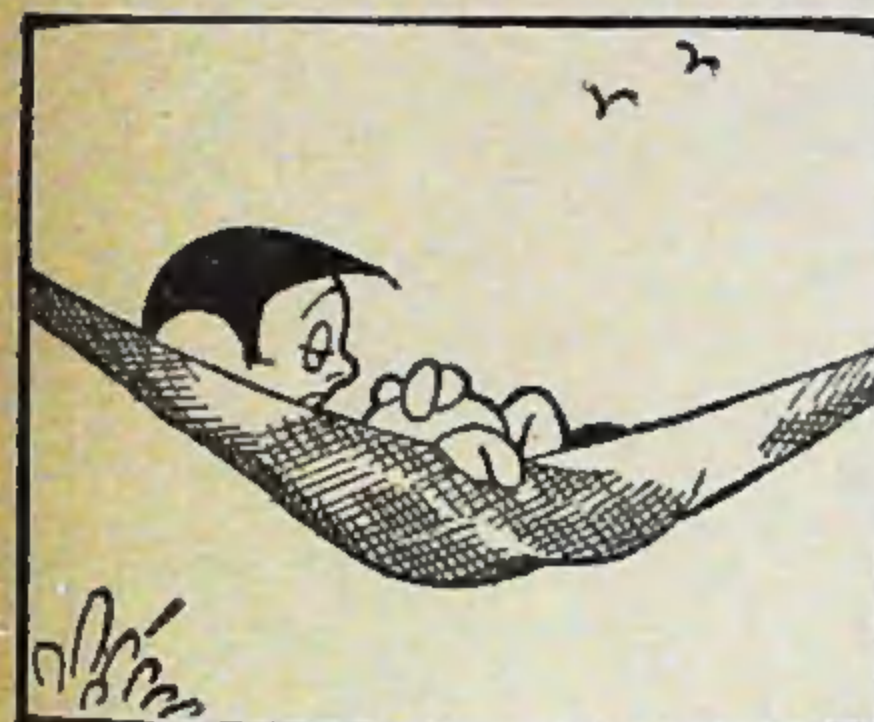
Richard Condon, Age 8
14 Hillwood Ave.
Metuchen, N. J.

THE TIMBERTOES

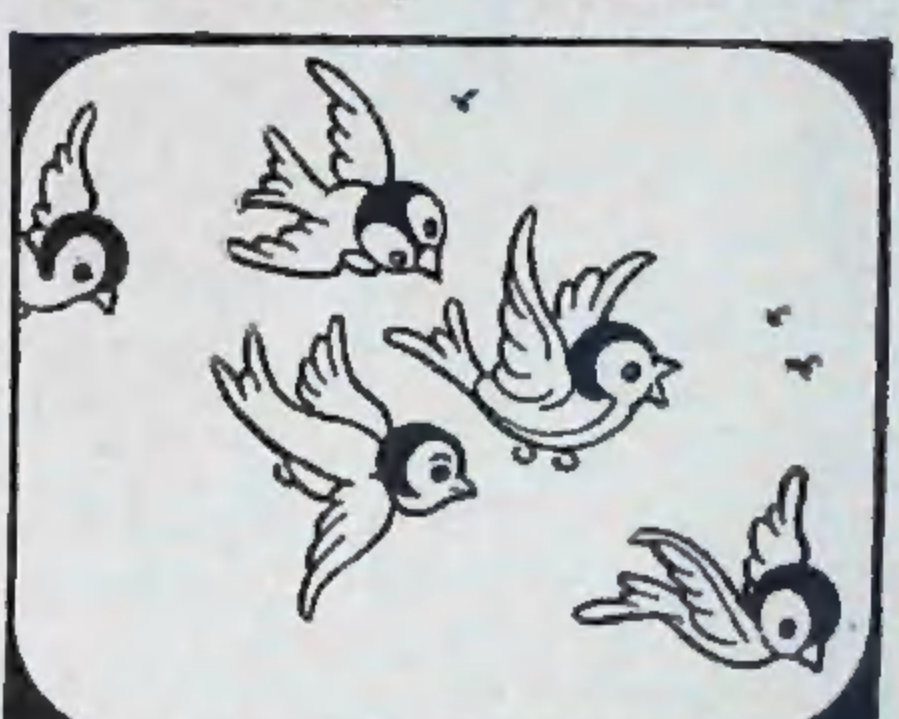
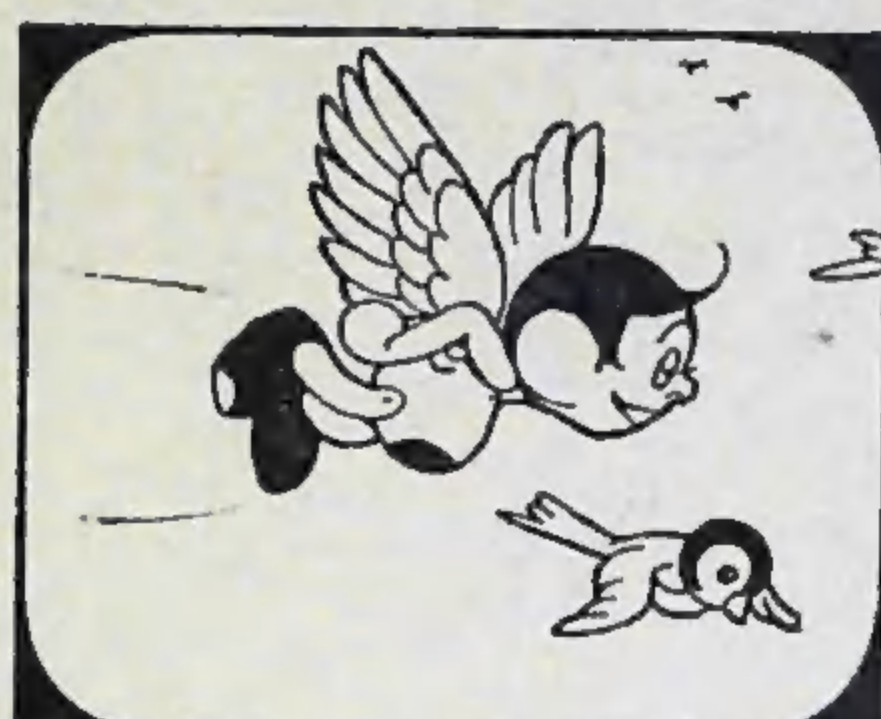
by John Gee



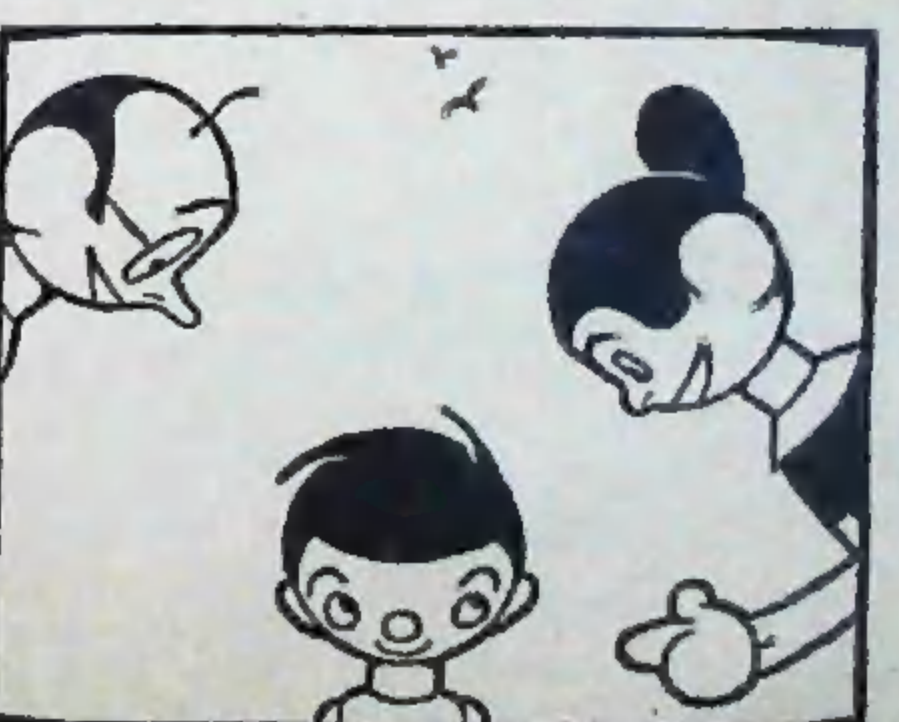
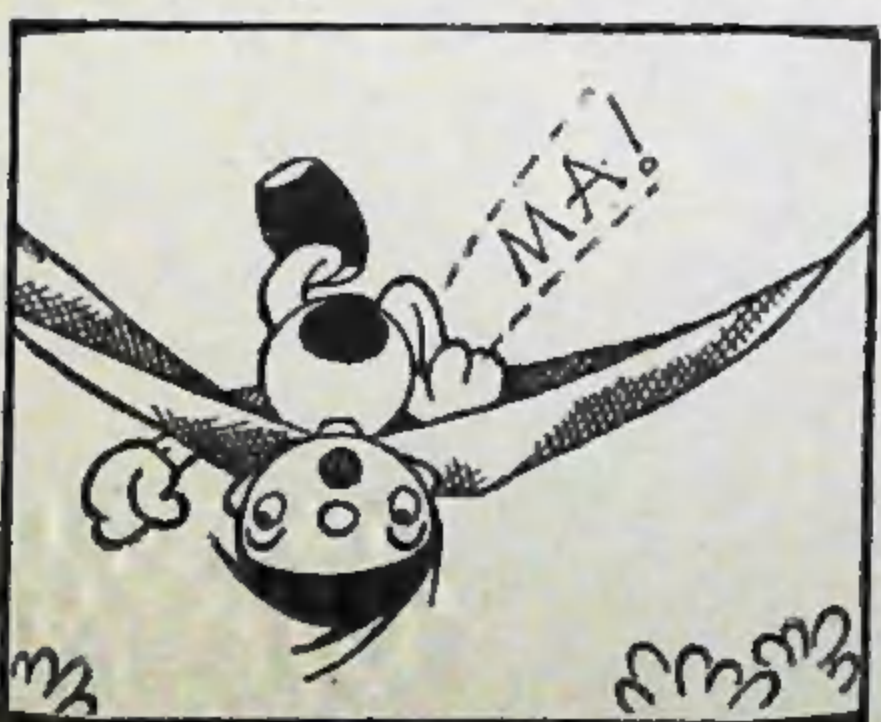
It was a hot summer day. The Timbertoes rested. Pa and Ma just sat. Tommy took Father T.'s hammock.



Tommy slept, and Tommy dreamed. He dreamed of little birds flying. Then he felt bumps on his shoulders,



Tommy had wings! Tommy could fly! And Tommy took off. He dreamed he had a race with the little birds.



Suddenly Tommy woke up. He had no wings! He fell out of the hammock. Pa and Ma laughed. So did Tommy.



Goldilocks and the Three Bears

Hidden Pictures

In this large picture find the dog, jackknife, squirrel, man's sock, bell, two birds, musical note, bug.

★ An irresistible page of fun for anybody or everybody in the family.

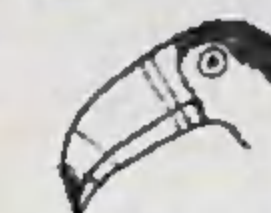


A doctor fell in a well
And broke his collarbone.
The doctor should attend
the sick
And leave the well alone.

Two Names for the Same Thing



baby infant



beak bill



porch veranda



tepee wigwam



skunk polecat



colt foal



doctor physician



rabbit bunny

Sports Reports on the Air

When you hear the sports reports on radio or television, listen for the different ways of saying that the team won.

Below are a few such expressions. Which ones mean that the team won by a small margin? What other such expressions have you heard?

beat	overwhelmed
clobbered	pummeled
crushed	routed
defeated	squeezed a victory
downed	shut out
edged out	squeaked by
jolted	scalped
inched out	trounced
lambasted	triumphed over
overthrew	walloped
drubbed	shellacked
stopped	turned back
flattened	scored over

Turn Around

Turn around a mouthful and get a stopper.

Turn around a one-masted sailboat and get little lakes.

Turn around part of a fence and get one who doesn't tell the truth.

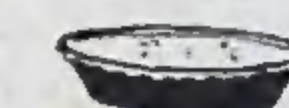
Turn around a short sleep and get a kitchen utensil.

Answers:
stopper - plug, stop, nap - nap - flip - plug, sleep - pool, rail - flat, nap - nap

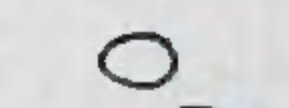
Write the following words in three columns so that those which name things most alike are in the same column.

peach	rake
lettuce	cabbage
hammer	apple
celery	saw
cantaloupe	peas
shovel	banana
pear	carrot

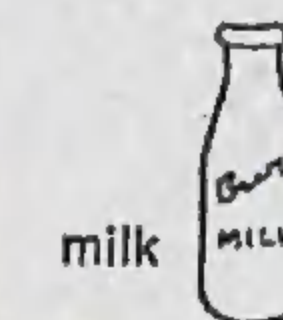
★ All these words, found in the dictionary, provide here a lot of fun with a variety of purposes.



pie



eggs



milk



chicks

Some Doesn't Mean the Same for All of These

How is some of the pie different from some of the chicks?

How is some of the milk different from some of the eggs?

What is the difference between some marbles and some cocoa? Between some cloth and some buttons?

Could we say "a few spoons"? "A few paper"?

Could we say "much water"? "Much birds"?

Can you make rules from what you have learned here?

To My Father

By Gina Bell

If I had a choice of fathers
And could pick out any dad
From the King of Denmark
To brave Sir Galahad;
If I could pick out anyone,
Superman or Robin Hood,
I'd choose you above them all,
I would, Dad, I really would.

At Prayer

By Grace Sayre

Within the quiet chapeled
meadowlands
At close of day
The little clovers, kneeling,
fold their hands
And pray.

Katydid

By Adelyn Jackson Richards

Katy did?
Of course she did!
I'm sure it's very true.
What everybody's wondering
Is what did Katy do?

Promotion

By Mabel Watts

I'm just as good,
I'm just as gay,
As I was this time
Yesterday.
But somehow I feel
Smarter, sprier -
Knowing I am
One grade higher.

Dandelions

By Edna Hamilton

Dandelions wrap up their gold
When they go to sleep at night.
They keep it snug, well-guarded
Until the morning light.

Spider, Spider

By Georgia Deal

We had a friendly spider
Who made a great big web.
He ate in it, he played in it,
He used it for his bed.
The first thing every morning,
We'd run right out to see
If he were breakfasting alone,
Or had some company.

Our Car

By Virginia Dondro

Four round wheels,
wandering wheels,
that love to roll on the road.
Four big tires,
the sturdiest tires,
built for the happiest load.
One wide seat,
a comfortable seat,
and high, so a child can see.

A trip to the sun
can't be any more fun than when
Daddy goes driving with me.

When I Walk With Daddy

By Connie Levy

When I walk with Daddy
I try to keep astride,
But Daddy's legs are longer
And his steps are very wide.
So I must take my two steps
To Daddy's only one.
We really fit much better
When Daddy lets me run.

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Four of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence

Point to the picture of Thomas Jefferson at the left.
Then find his picture at the right.
Do the same for the other three pictures.



Thomas Jefferson



Benjamin Franklin



John Adams



John Hancock



When Moses Was Angry

A Bible Story

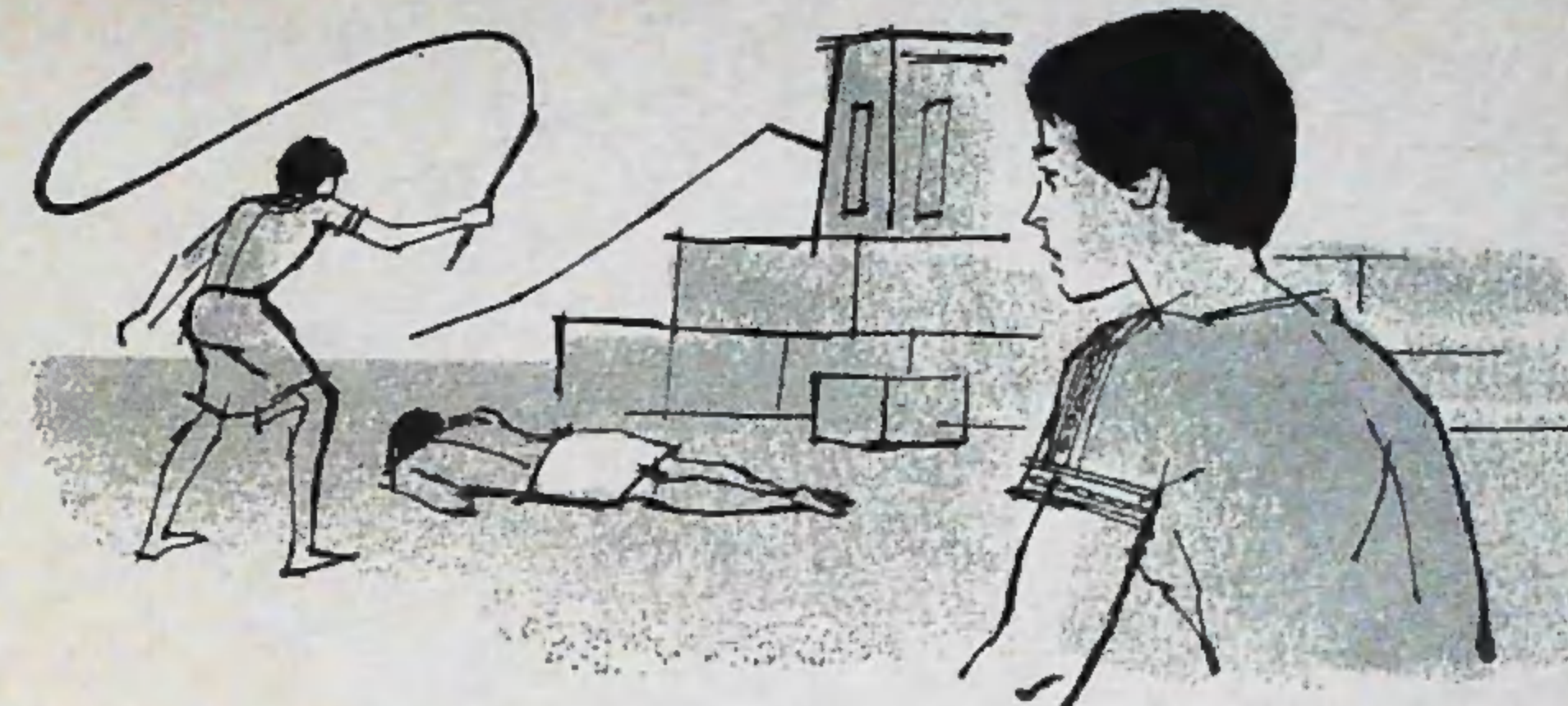
By Dora P. Chaplin

You will remember how Moses came to live in the palace and grow up with Egyptian princes. But he kept in his heart a big secret. He knew he was a Hebrew—one of the people of God. He would never be able to bow down and say his prayers to Pharaoh, the king, or to one of his images, for his mother had taught him about the Lord God of Israel.

From time to time Moses would slip away from the beautiful palace and visit his mother in her poor little hut. It looked strange after the comfortable place where he lived, but he did not mind this. Always there was hope there.

His people said, "We are slaves now, ill-treated by Pharaoh's taskmasters. But one day the Lord God will send us a great leader who will save our people. We shall find a country of our own where we may watch our flocks, and till the land, and be free once again."

Moses' friends, the young princes, could not understand why he was growing so quiet and thoughtful. He was a good student, he was strong and handsome, and he was good at games. They began to look up to him as a leader among themselves. They would say to him, "What is the matter with you, Moses? You have something on your mind. Come out with us and have a good game and forget it."



Illustrated by Jerome Weisman

Moses would be gay for a while. Then he would puzzle again over what his mother had told him—how the Lord God had promised their leader Abraham long, long ago that He would always care for his people.

Sometimes Moses felt that he must go and look at his sad relatives. He wanted to think up a way in which he could help them, although he was still a young man. He would slip away from the palace and wander off to the place called Goshen where his people, the Hebrew slaves, toiled under the burning sun.

They were building great storehouses where Pharaoh commanded that wheat and barley should be stored away, ready for the years when famine would come because the River Nile failed to overflow and water the fields. The Hebrews were also making bricks, and building roads and high buildings. If they stopped work for only a short time, they were punished.

One day Moses saw an Egyptian taskmaster whipping a tired slave. He thought to himself, "This man is my brother. I cannot stand it any longer." He leaped at the Egyptian. They got into a fierce fight and Moses killed the Egyptian without meaning to. Now he was afraid. He knew that if this became known, Pharaoh would kill him, too.

Next day when he went back to Goshen, he saw two Hebrew slaves fighting each other. Moses went to try to calm them down, remembering how he had lost his own temper. But they said unkindly, "Don't interfere with us! Do you want to treat us the way you did the Egyptian yesterday?"

Then Moses knew that these workmen had watched him fight the Egyptian. He was no longer safe in Egypt. Soon he discovered that Pharaoh's men were searching for him, and he must not let himself be caught. He wanted to live to help his people.

Moses was sorry for what he had done. He said to himself, "I lost my temper. Now I must go away until my bad deed is forgotten. How wrong it was of me to forget that I must be patient and wait for the Lord God to show me how to help my people."

So Moses fled into the desert. But there was something wonderful waiting for him at the end of his hard journey. Next month we shall hear about it.

For Summer Evening

By Bertha Wilcox Smith

We thank thee, God, for evening,
For dew and fireflies,
And for the little curving moon
That floats upon the skies.

★ What the boy Moses learned from his mother may explain why the man Moses has been so long remembered.

Sammy Spivens

By Dorothy Waldo Phillips

Hello there:

"My news is wonderfully exciting," wrote Uncle Bill from his western ranch. "I'm coming east earlier this year, and I'm bringing twenty of my best riders and ropers—all prize winners at the fall roundup. We've agreed to put on a Wild West Show in Captain Carranza's Circus."

Sammy was breathless. "The circus is terrific," he said. "So is Uncle Bill. And imagine, all at the same time!"



Peter, the poodle, was excited, too. "My cousin Percy is the star poodle in the dog act," he said. "Can't wait to visit him. So glamorous! I've always wanted to be an actor."

"I'll settle for a dog's life," sniffed Sammy's dog Butterscotch.

Chalky, the pony, shook her silken mane. "My father was White Prince, a famous high-stepper," she said. "He stepped in perfect time to the circus band, and bowed beautifully on every fourth beat."

Columbus, the mouse, looked wistful. "My claim to a fleeting fame," he said, "was years ago in the Micery School. In 'The Night Before Christmas' production, I played the part of Not-even-a-mouse."

★ Sammy and his pals get practice at being responsible persons.

How the children loved the circus and the Wild West Show! And they are still laughing at the antics of Slapso, the clown.

George Gruffington's uncle, Colonel Homer Gompers Gruffington, has known Captain Carranza since jungle days, and Uncle Bill is a friend of both of them.

"Before pulling up stakes," said the Colonel, "may I invite the circus performers to Gruffington Manor for a get-together at a cook-out party."

Then to young George he said, "Invite your young friends. They'll get a kick out of it."

They certainly did. Charcoal fires, cowboys, clowns, and children. What a wonderful mixture! The cowboys cooked the best steaks! The circus people told such exciting stories!

Later around the fire, while the cowboys strummed on their guitars, Uncle Bill said, "This is my first experience of being part of a circus. I am simply amazed at the timing of the show. Everything happens right on time. It runs like clockwork."

Slapso, the clown, nodded. "You're right," he agreed. "Every act must go on at the same moment at every performance, and each performer must be ready to go into action at the first signal from the ringmaster's whip."

Captain Carranza chuckled. "I can set my watch by them," he said.



Slapso wiggled his bushy black eyebrows. "No place for a 'wait-a-minute' guy or a 'not-yet' fellow," he said.

"That goes out on the ranch, too," said Uncle Bill. "We've no time for duckers or putters-off. Every cowhand does what has to be done, immediately. By the way," he grinned, "I'm taking on a new cowhand this summer. Ever met him? A fellow named Spivens."

"Hi, cowboy!" yelled the children. Sammy giggled.

"Seems that we've all learned a good lesson from your circus," exclaimed Uncle Bill. "Better all practice DOING THINGS NOW at home."

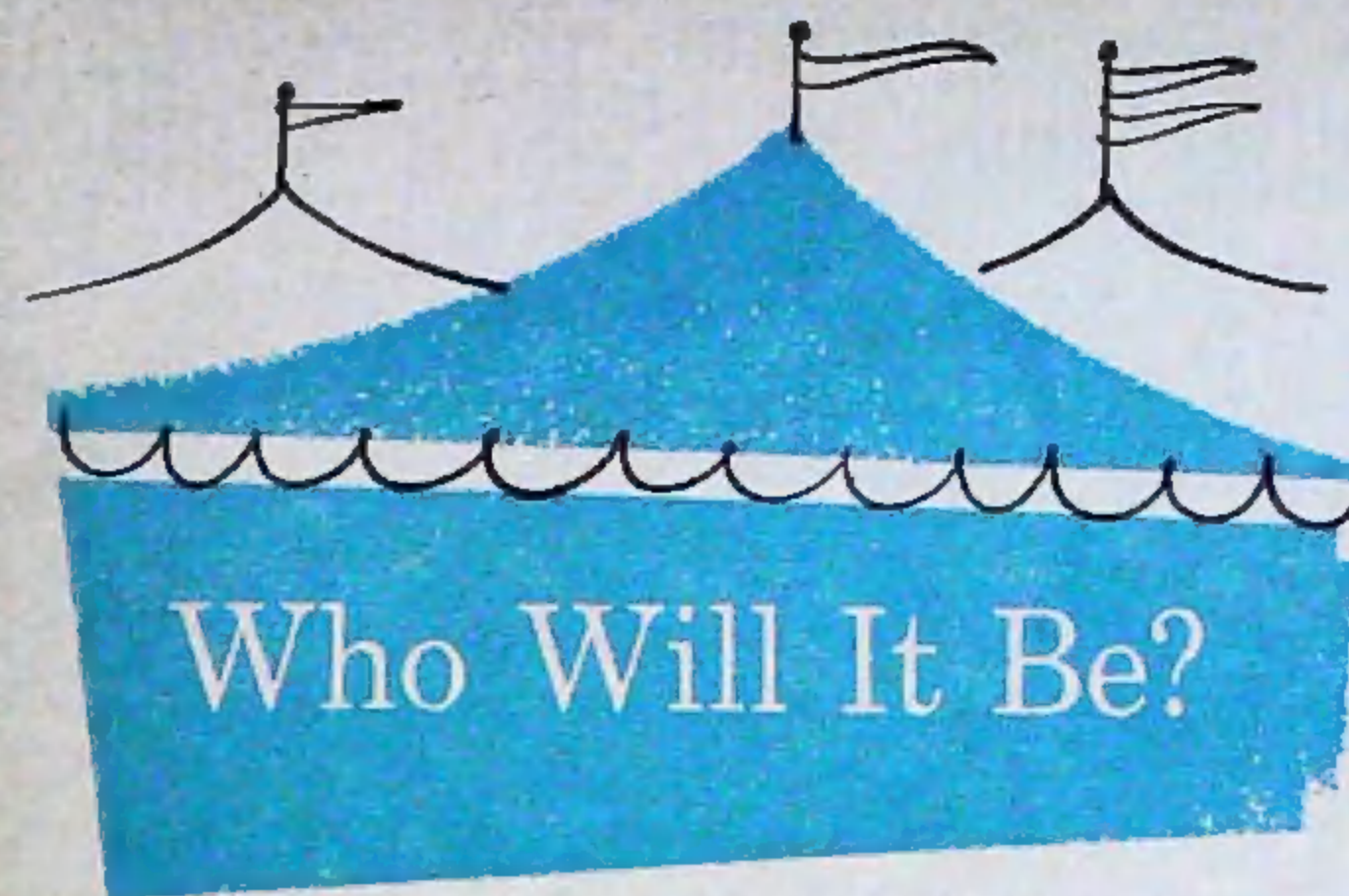
Then he rose, saying, "My watch tells me that it's time to go, so let's thank our kind hosts for such fine fellowship." He waved his big brown hat. "Come on, kids," he called. "All abed!"

"Aw," mumbled Sammy, "not yet."

"Yet," declared Uncle Bill, "has already passed. The word is NOW—remember?"

You should have seen Sammy scam.

Happy vacation!
Aunt Dorothy
This is Columbus.



By Edith Vestal

Zippity-zip.
Hippity-hop.

Mary was off down the street. Over and over she was thinking, "Who will it be? Who will it be?"

For today—oh, today—Mary was going to the children's carnival, and Mother had given her enough money to take one of her little friends on the merry-go-round.

But there was a little something wrong. Mary couldn't find her new sweater. And Mother had said, "No sweater, no merry-go-round."



But that was all right. For Mary knew that she had left her sweater at Sallie's house.



So in no time at all Mary was at Sallie's door.

She knocked.
No one came to the door.

She knocked at the back door.
No one came.

Oh dear, oh dear!
No sweater, no carnival!
Mary's eyes filled with tears.



Just then she heard Sallie calling, "No use knocking at all those doors. Nobody's home. Besides, it's time for you to go to the carnival."

"I can't go," said Mary. "My sweater is in this locked-up house."

"That red sweater?" asked Sallie.
"Yes," said Mary.

"The one with the pretty buttons?" asked Sallie.
"Yes," said Mary.

"Why, you left that at my house, and I just took it over and gave it to your mother."

Immediately the tears left Mary's eyes. Laughing and prancing, she shouted, "You're the one. You're the one."

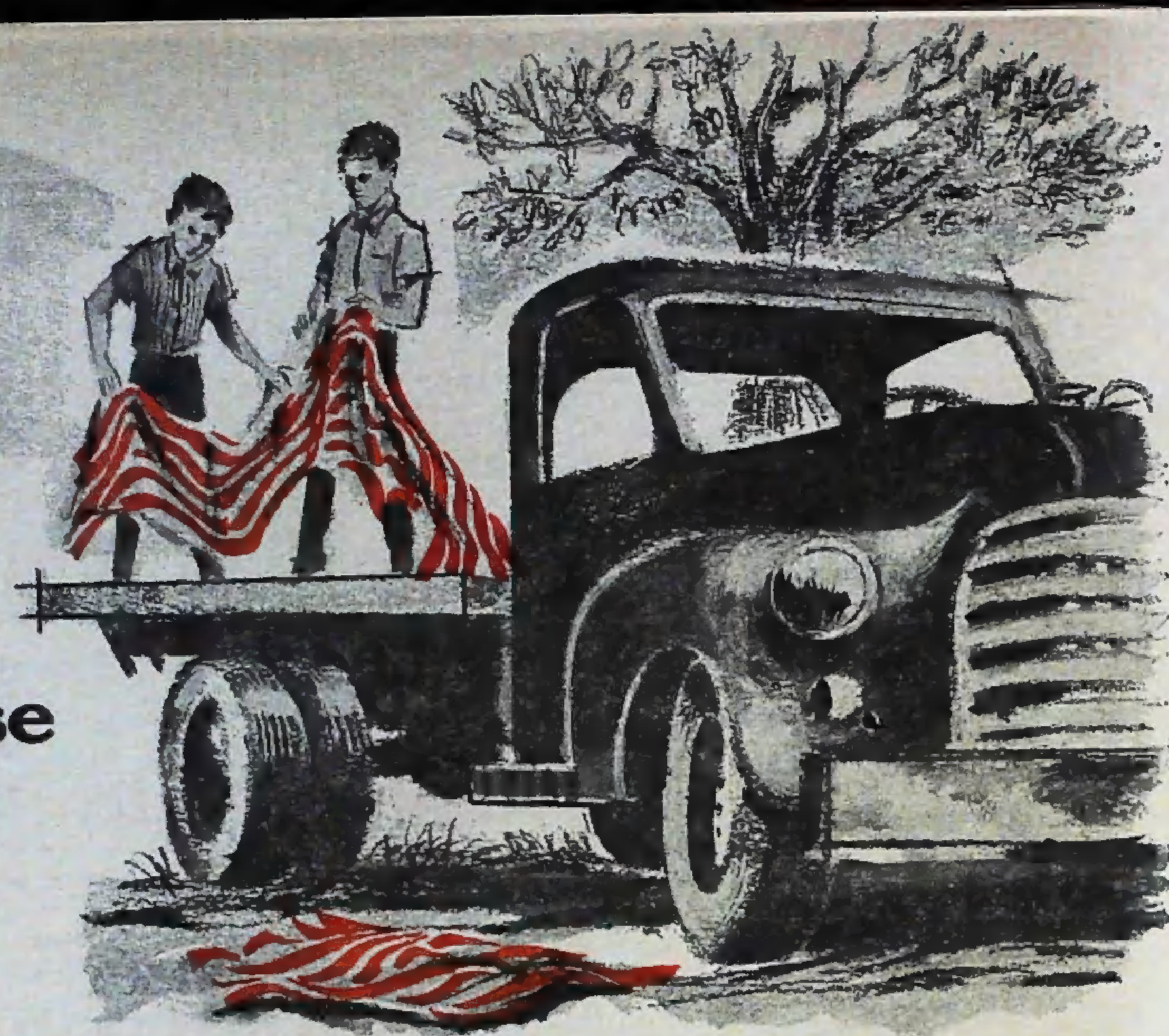
"One what?" asked Sallie.

"Why, the one who is going with me on the merry-go-round."



Surprise Award

By Eva K. Betz
Illustrated by Ted Schroeder



Larry Davis was so excited that he could hardly wait for the Fourth of July to arrive. His father had always taken him to watch the parade on that day. But this year he was going to be in it!

"We'll be 'The Spirit of '76,'" Mr. Davis had decided. "I'll get Tom to drive the truck. I'll be the old man in the tableau and you can be drummer or fifer. Get one of your friends to be the other."

Larry invited Sam Whittemore to be part of the tableau, and the mothers of both boys got busy on costumes.

"I'll bet we get a prize for the best tableau."

Sam agreed. "Your father is doing a wonderful job with the truck. We'll look as if we're marching down a real road."

"I like the whole idea," said Larry thoughtfully. "It's nice to think that boys had a part in making this country..."

"... where we're free to have parades," Sam broke in. "Boy, I bet I don't sleep one minute between now and the Fourth."

"I only hope it's a good day," said Larry.

"It will be." Sam seemed very sure.

And he was right. When they woke very early on the Fourth, it was bright and clear, and just right for parading. Although the march was not supposed to begin until ten o'clock, by seven gaily decorated trucks were rolling past the Davis house together with horse-drawn vehicles and even bicycles.

"But there's nothing to touch us, Dad," said Larry.

"I should say not!" agreed Sam, who had spent the night with Larry. "We'll be the best 'entry on wheels.' I just know!"

Settling down to breakfast was hard, but they managed. Then Mr.

Davis and the boys went out to the garage where Tom, Mr. Davis' helper was waiting. They were climbing into the truck when Mrs. Davis ran out.

"Telephone, dear," she called to her husband. "Mrs. Harris at the Old Folks' Home is worried. She thinks there's a gas leak."

Mr. Davis hurried into the house and returned with a worried frown.

"We'll have to go to the Home, Tom," he said. "Put the tools under the front seat so they won't muss the decorations. You boys hop in the back. Tom and I can probably find the trouble quickly. Then we'll scoot to Courthouse Square and fall in line."

As soon as they reached the Home, the men set to work. The boys waited on the truck. But as time passed, they grew nervous, jumped down, and prowled about the grounds.

"Hello, there! You look like two sad young men."

They turned, startled, and saw an elderly man in a wheel chair. He wore an old-fashioned soldier's uniform.

"Come over and talk to me. I'm sad, too. This is the first Fourth of July parade I've missed since I returned from the Spanish war. I was in the fife-and-drum corps."

"It was going to be our first," said Larry, "but I guess we won't make it, now."

Then he got an idea. "Excuse us, sir. Sam, can I speak to you?"

The boys whispered excitedly, then Larry returned. "Sir, would you like Sam and me to wheel you to the parade?"

"It would be wonderful! Tell the housekeeper we're going."

Larry rushed around the corner of the house and bumped into his father.

"I'm terribly sorry, Larry, but we can't locate the leak. Tom and I will have to stay."

"It's all right, Dad."

"But you'll miss the parade!"

"No—that's what I wanted to tell you. There's an old man out there who was feeling badly about missing it, so Sam and I are going to wheel him in to watch it. Will you tell the housekeeper?"

Sam, in the meantime, had taken the bunting from the truck and draped it around the wheel chair. It looked like a triumphal chariot when the boys wheeled it into town. Larry didn't notice that his drum banged his knees, nor Sam that his fife bulged his pocket.

As they crossed a side street looking for an open place at the curb, a man spoke sharply to them. "You're late," he said. "The line has begun moving."

Before they knew what was happening, the boys found themselves



part of the parade. The old veteran beamed when the crowds applauded. But when they passed the reviewing stand, he painfully hauled himself ramrod-straight and saluted the flag displayed there. Then the three went on, drummer, fifer, and the old man in the wheel chair.

The boys were tired but they stayed to hear the awards announced—the best band, the best float, the best costume. The loud-speakers continued.

"The judges have agreed that, since it does not come in any category, a special award will be given to the entry 'The Veteran's Re-

turn.' Will the young men please come forward?"

Larry and Sam did not realize they were being called until some good-natured people pushed them toward the judges' stand.

"We do not have an award ready, since this was a surprise," the Mayor explained, "but this card shows it has been won."

The old veteran took it in trembling hands.

"Gee, I'm sorry your father missed the parade," Sam whispered as they wheeled their proud friend back to the Home.

"He'd rather have it this way, I'm sure," answered Larry.

"You surely chew your fingernails, Sid."

"Yes. I wish I could quit it."

"You could if you weren't so jumpy. Why don't you cut down on scary TV and go to bed earlier?"

"I'll try that."



Alaska Scenery

Alaska is very pretty in many places. There are thousands of beautiful wildflowers in several different colors. There are even wild roses, pink or pale red. They grow along the roadside or in the forests.

Fireweed is plentiful, too. Almost everywhere you look, the mountainsides are covered with the beautiful red flowers, which makes the mountains look like they are on fire.

Mama Moose and her new twin calves wade through the swampy lake inbedded with bright wild lilies. She munches contentedly on the crisp green stems underneath the cool water, while birds flutter by in the cloudless blue sky.

Baby ducks go scooting playfully after their mother, ducking their dainty little heads in the rippling water.

Mrs. Bear is up and out, wading clumsily in the cold mountain stream, looking for fish for her little cubs who are wrestling on the grassy, green slope.

Wild goats and sheep, with their new kids and lambs, nibble the tender new shoots of grass which covers the mountains like spots of melting snow trickling down into the larger streams. It is a beautiful sight to see.

The silty, cold glacier streams wind their way down steep slopes and mountainsides while big, beautiful, rich green ferns grow alongside.

There are always fish in just about every stream or lake; and, of course, we have salt-water fish, too. Sometimes you can catch some of the most interesting specimens to look at or study.

Juicy big red raspberries droop in clusters from the vines along the mossy bank. They are wild, of course, but they really taste good. We also have big fat blueberries, cranberries, mossberries, high-bush and low-bush currants, and many other wild berries.

We have different kinds of moss, and large umbrella-like mushrooms grow on top. There are some kinds you can eat but, unless a person is experienced at that sort of thing, you had better be careful.

At evening when the sun sets, the big bull moose come out to feed, and the tubby, little porcupines waddle across the road.

In the fall, the leaves on the beautiful birch trees start to tumble to the ground. Others turn yellow and orange, and from a distance they look like a golden desert. After the trees are bare and deserted-looking, the frosty snow

starts to creep down the mountains. Animals start to hibernate, and birds fly south. Then one morning when you wake up, the earth is covered with a thin blanket of soft snow. Little glints of sunshine on the frosty trees make them look like part of a fairyland.

At night when a heavy hush has fallen, the big yellow moon peeps over a snowy mountain. Coyotes and wolves start to howl, and the big old Arctic owl starts his song. Children run out to the lake, build bonfires, and put their skates on to glide across the glasslike ice. They warm their cold feet at the bonfire while roasting hot dogs and marshmallows.

Sometimes when the nights are cold and the sky is dark, the northern lights move across the sky, spreading their lights on the twinkling stars. Sometimes the northern lights are colored while at other times they are yellow.

In Kenai there are some old Russian churches which were there when Alaska was a Russian possession. In other places there are big totem poles, hand-carved by the Indians who lived long ago. Alaska is very historic. Alaska is my home. I have lived here half of my life, six years, and I do not think I will ever leave it.

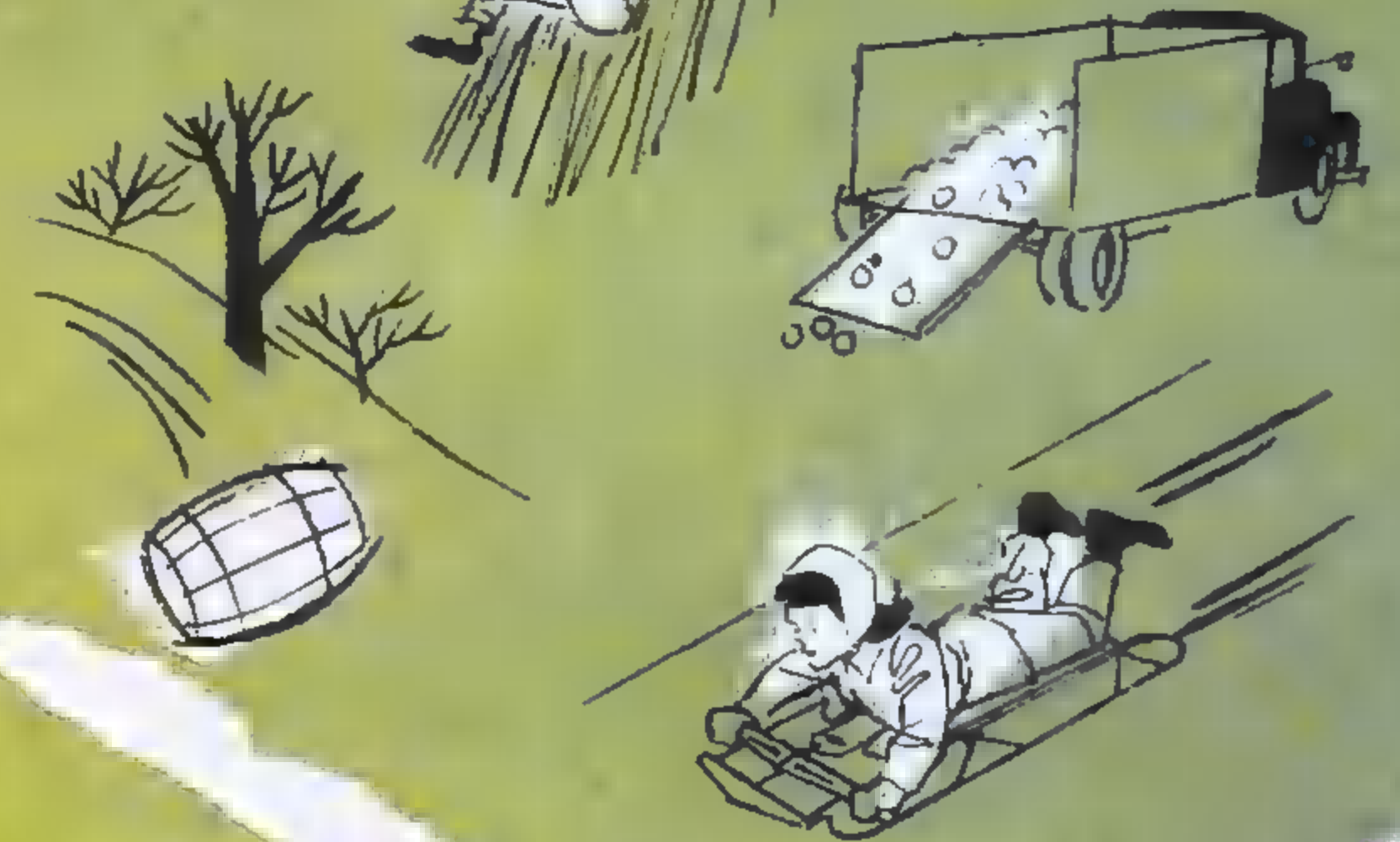
"Alaska is my home. I have lived here half of my life, six years, and I do not think I will ever leave it."

By Judy Landers, Age 12

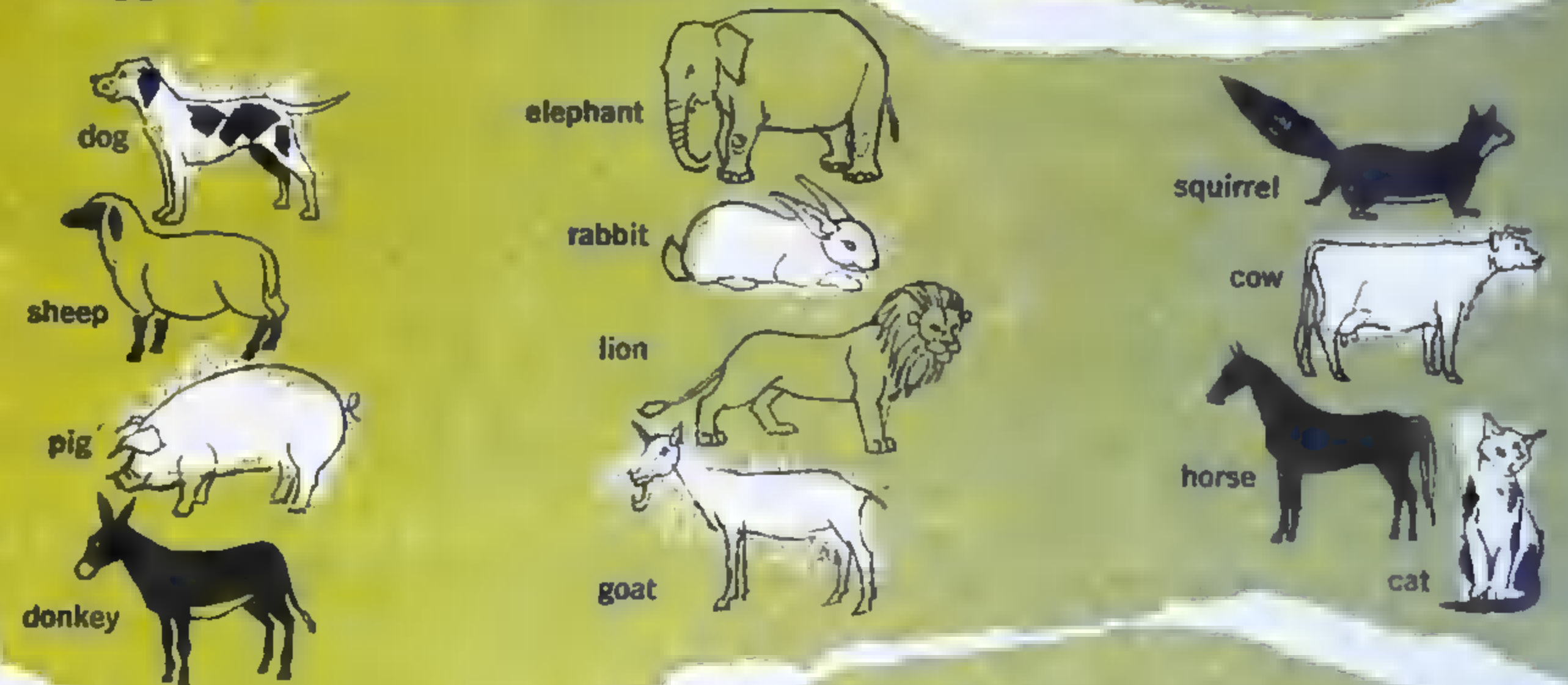
Illustrated by Richard H. Sanderson

For Wee Folks

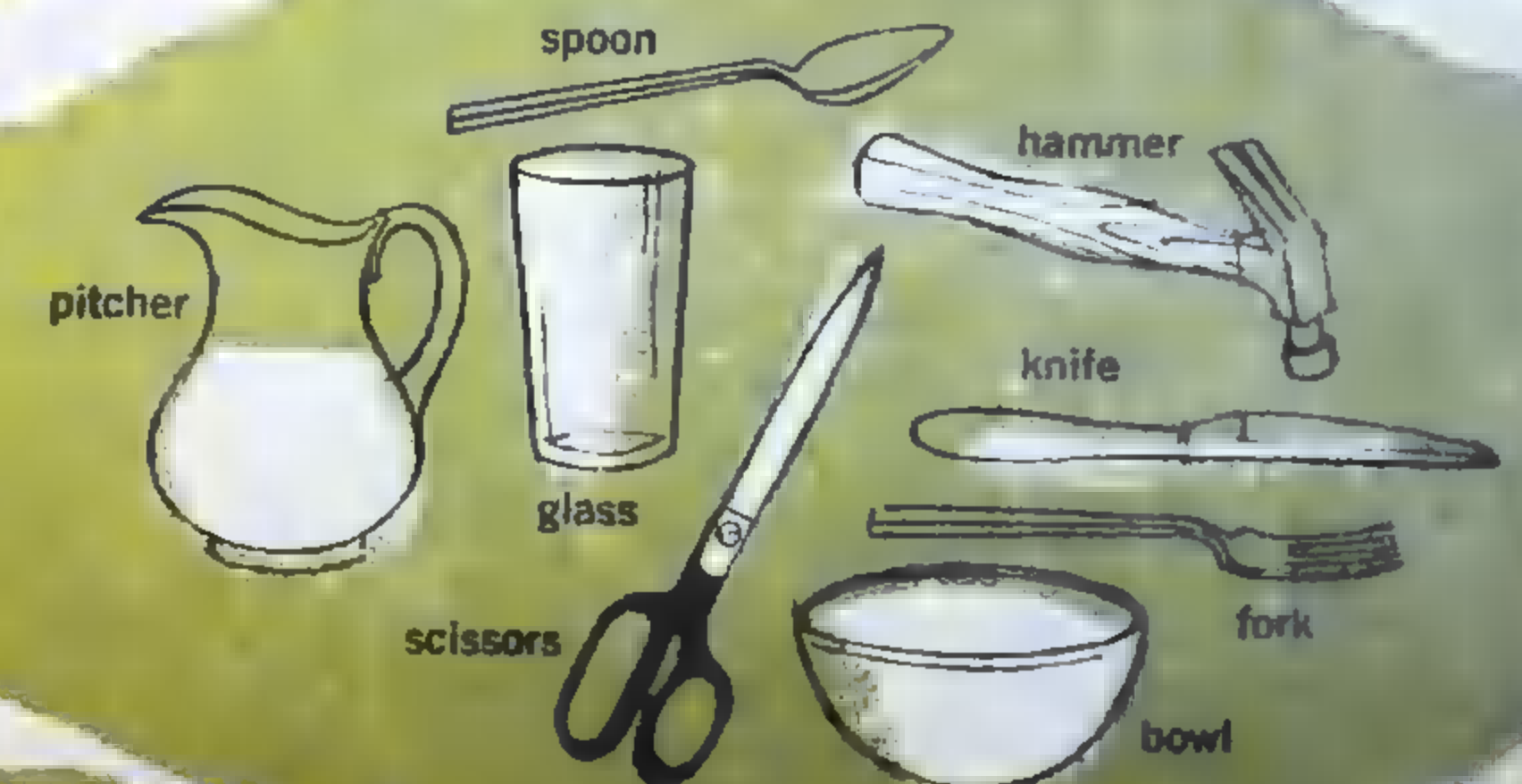
Which are rolling?
Which are sliding?
Which kinds of things roll best?
What is the difference between rolling and sliding?



Put your finger on the biggest animal in each column.



Which of these did you use at breakfast this morning?
Which did you use most?



Riddles

1. What did the big firecracker say to the little firecracker?
2. Why do musical composers make good ballplayers?
3. Why should a bad-tempered woman go out for high jumping?
4. What question cannot be answered except by the word yes?
5. What do barrelmakers do for a living?
6. What man always drives away his customers?
7. Why is baseball played more in the city than in the country?
8. What fruit comes from the electric plant?
9. Why is tennis a noisy game?

10. What question can never be answered "Yes"?

Answers:

1. "My pop is bigger than yours." 2. They are all asleep! 3. Each player raises a racket. 4. "Are you asleep?" 5. Make barrels. 6. A taxicab driver. 7. Because there are more fowls in the country. 8. Curran's (currents). 9. "Fasten your seat belts, please." 10. "Are you asleep?"

Health Quiz

May your mother suppose you are sick

When you are running and shouting

When you don't want to eat any kind of food all day?

When you look very pale?

When you don't want to quit playing?

When you are very hungry at meals?

When your hands and face feel hot as she touches them?

When you cry more often than usual?

When you tell her your head aches?

When you want to lie down all day?

When you come to the table without washing your face and hands?

Where Might You Hear the Following?

"Fasten your safety belts, please."

"Your name will be called as soon as a table is ready for you."

"Will the congregation please rise."

"Toys, sporting goods, fifth floor."

"We will stop here for a 20-minute rest period."

"Sorry, our rooms for the night are all taken."

Fun With Fingers

Here's where the cat sits.



Here's where he jumps.



Eye winker



Nose drop



Tom Tinker



Mouth eater



Chin chopper



Gully, gully, gully, gully.



★ when these youngsters were very young.

Goofus and Gallant

By Garry Cleveland Myers

Pictures by Marion Hull Hammel



"Joe isn't home. I'm going over and play with his new wagon," says Goofus.

"When Joe comes home, he may let me play with his new wagon," says Gallant.



"Nobody here. I'll take that nickel for myself."

"Mother must have left that dime here. I must tell her about it."



"This dog is lost. I'll keep him"

"Don't worry. I'll try to find your owner."

★ Learning to respect the rights and possessions of others.



Masai

An African Boy

By Marguerite J. Fisher

Associate Professor of Political Science
Syracuse University

26

Masai is an African boy who has just reached his eleventh birthday. He lives in the British protectorate of Uganda in eastern Africa, near the equator. Uganda has very few roads, and only a few towns or cities.

Until he was five years old, Masai lived with his family in the back country, or "bush" as it is called, several hundred miles north of the city of Kampala. Masai had never seen a motor car, a paved road, a house with glass in the windows, or electric lights until his father brought the family to live near the city of Kampala. The bush people live as their ancestors have lived for centuries, with little or no knowledge of the rest of the world.

Masai has three deep scars across each side of his face, put there with sharp knives by the men of his tribe when Masai was a very small boy. They are a sign worn only by the men to show that they belong to this tribe, and are also supposed to prove that the men are brave.

Masai's home is a two-room hut made of mud and straw. The floor is simply the ground on which the hut is built. There is one tiny hole for a window with no glass in it. There is no furniture. Everyone sleeps on floor mats made of coconut leaves. And they squat or sit cross-legged on these floor mats to rest and to eat.

There is no stove in the hut. Masai's mother builds a charcoal fire on the ground between several heavy stones. On these she places the only cooking pot the family owns. Usually the mother makes a stew from rice and vegetables. Sometimes she prepares a kind of pancake made from a root vegetable called cassava. Masai's father has very little money so they have meat only once a month. Masai's father says that only the rich people eat meat every day.

Outside the hut there are many banana trees, and Masai has bananas to eat almost all year round. The banana trees are about as high as the hut in which the family lives. Bananas grow very well in Uganda. They are one of the main foods eaten by the Uganda people, and are smaller but sweeter than those sold in the United States.

Two of Masai's brothers died of malaria when they were living with their tribe back in the bush country. This disease is very common in central Uganda. Malaria is caused by a certain kind of mosquito. When bitten by this mosquito, a person often becomes sick. The people in Kampala, and the foreign tourists, take pills to keep from getting malaria. But Masai's father had never heard of these pills, back in the bush country, and anyway he had no money to buy them.

But Masai is no longer worried about catching malaria. An agency

of the United Nations, the World Health Organization, or WHO as it is usually called, came into his part of Uganda and sprayed DDT to kill the mosquitoes.

When Masai's family was still living back in the bush country, one of his sisters was bitten by a tsetse fly. This is a large fly found in central and eastern Africa. Its bite causes a disease called "sleeping sickness." Cattle as well as people get "sleeping sickness" from the bite of this fly. It took several years for Masai's sister to get well because there were no doctors in the bush country. Now that Masai lives near Kampala, he is not afraid of catching this sickness. The WHO has killed all the tsetse flies with DDT in the areas near the city.

Masai's older sister is fifteen years of age. She is engaged to be married. She weighs one hundred forty pounds, but she doesn't mind. Fat girls are admired in this part of Africa. In fact, the families try to fatten up a girl when she gets to be fourteen or fifteen years old so she will be able to find a husband.

Once a year Masai's father takes him and his two brothers back into the bush country to visit the tribe from which the family came. They make the long trip on foot. Masai loves to visit the tribe on one of their big feast days. The chief calls the whole tribe together by the beating of drums which can be heard for many miles.

At night the men sit on the ground in a big circle around the chief. Some of them are dressed in lion skins, and some in leopard or monkey skins. Their faces are painted with streaks of orange, blue, and other colors. The women hold up wooden torches which cast a flickering light over the circle of

people. The drummers beat their drums until they make a deafening noise. Then some of the men get up and dance in the circle, faster and faster, until they drop on the ground. Then the men, women, and children feast on goat meat which has been roasting over an open fire.

Masai's oldest brother, who is very ambitious, has learned how to read, write, and speak English with the help of a kindly missionary, who taught him the alphabet and gave him some schoolbooks in English. So he now has a job as a waiter in the hotel in Kampala where the foreign tourists stay. The brother tells wonderful tales about the things he sees in the hotel—the fine clothes the tourists wear, and the strange foods that are served there. What impresses Masai most is that the tourists eat meat twice a day.

The brother has taught Masai to speak and understand a little English, and is teaching him to read and write. Masai is trying hard, and perhaps in a few years he will know enough English to get a job in the hotel where his brother works.

Masai has never been to school. There are very few schools for the African children in Uganda. There are schools in Kampala, but Masai would have to walk about

ten miles a day to go to school.

One day Masai walked to the city of Kampala and was playing in the street outside a big hotel. Some people took his picture. They told him they were tourists from America. Masai supposed that America was some nearby village, so he asked, "You drive from there this morning?" The tourists burst out laughing. Masai's feelings were hurt because he knew they were laughing at his ignorance.

Masai and his family speak one of the many Uganda languages, the one spoken by the tribe in the bush country where they used to live. There are about fifty different languages in Uganda, and a different one is spoken in each section of the country. But, in addition to their tribe language, Masai's family also speak a language called Swahili. This is a common language in which the many different tribes of central and eastern Africa speak with each other. So Masai will soon know three languages.

This year the father took Masai and his brothers back into the bush country to visit their family tribe. They followed the trail which borders the game preserve, or national park, set aside by the English government for the protection of the African animals that live inside the park. No one may hunt or trap or harm any of the animals, or

enter the park without permission. The park is so big that it would take a man ten days to walk across it.

As they followed the trail, they saw a large herd of elephants, seventy or eighty, peacefully eating tufts of grass pulled up with their trunks. There were many baby elephants following their mothers around. The next day they saw a herd of about fifty giraffes, eating their regular meal of leaves from the branches of trees. With their long necks, the giraffes are able to reach the leaves.

They saw many other animals such as zebras and gazelles, and—when they came near a river—a herd of hippopotamuses with their huge heads sticking out of the water. These animals have learned to have little fear of human beings, and it is possible to come quite close to them. Some tourists travel all the way from America to visit the park and take pictures of the animals.

Masai hopes that someday Uganda will become a free and independent country like the United States. But before that time, the people will have to build schools and learn to read and write so that they will be prepared to govern themselves. Perhaps someday, when his country is independent, Masai will be a leader of his people.

27

Illustrated by Wendell Keith Hall



Bats in the Belfry

An ALOYSIUS Story

By Sydney K. Davis
Illustrated by Jerome Weisman

It was a lovely summer day. Aloysius Wolf was very hungry, and he was too lazy to cook himself something to eat.

"I know what I'll do," he thought. "I'll go down to see the Widow Wanda Wolf and perhaps she'll invite me to stay for lunch."

He put on his best clothes and started down the road to the Widow's house. How sweet the air smelled. How loud the birds were

singing. Aloysius picked a large bouquet of Queen Anne's lace from the roadside to take to the Widow.

Soon he knocked at her door. "Hello, Aloysius," she said as she let him in. "I'm so glad you have come. My, what lovely flowers! Thank you so much."

Then, as the Widow put the flowers in a vase, she said, "The worst thing has happened. Some starlings are trying to build a nest in my attic. I've tried all morning to chase them away but they keep coming back. I just don't know what to do. If the birds build nests up there, they'll get mites in my house. Wouldn't that be awful?"

"Oh, don't you worry about a little thing like that," laughed Aloysius. "I'll scare them away for you." He strutted around in an important manner.

"You are so smart," said the Widow. "While you're scaring them away, I'll go to market and buy something nice for our lunch."

"Goody," thought Aloysius to himself. "This is working out just the way I hoped it would." Then to the Widow, he said, "How do I get up in your attic?"

"There's a trap door in the ceiling of the linen closet. You'll have to climb through that. Do be careful. There's no light up there."

"Don't you worry about me," bragged Aloysius. "I can take care of myself. Just find us something nice to eat at the market."

The Widow picked up her market basket and walked off down the road.

Aloysius climbed up the shelves

in the linen closet and scrambled into the attic.

"Goodness," he thought, "it surely is dark in here. And it's hot enough to bake a pie."

His eyes grew wide as he tried to get used to the black dark. How quiet everything was. He sneezed. Then he thought he heard something behind him. He looked back, but it was so dark he couldn't see a thing. Away across by the chimney he could see a crack of light. "That must be where the birds get in," he thought.

He started toward the light. Just then a breeze scraped a tree limb across the roof, making a strange, scratchy noise.

"Who's there?" shouted Aloysius. He strained his ears to listen, but all was quiet. Then he heard a creak. His heart began to thump wildly. "I'm getting out of here," he said.

He turned sharply to leave and bumped his head on a rafter. "Help!" he shrieked. "Help! Someone's trying to catch me!"

He scurried through the trap door into the closet. When his eyes became used to the light and he looked into the living room, everything looked neat and safe. The Queen Anne's lace on the table looked pretty.

Then he heard a bird on the roof. He ran outside. Sure enough, there was a starling with straw in its mouth, trying to go through the crack by the chimney.

"Shoo!" said Aloysius, waving his hands. The bird paid no attention to him at all.

"Oh dear," thought Aloysius, "I'm certainly not going up in that attic again. What can I do to scare him away? Let's see, now—I know, birds are afraid of cats. I'll act like a cat." And Aloysius began to crawl around slowly, arching his back, and rubbing against the tree trunk. "Meeow," he wailed.

Now, Samuel Samuel Wolf, who lived not far away, had heard Aloysius screaming for help and had run down to the Widow's house just in time to see Aloysius arching his back, waving his tail, and meowing.

"Heavens to Betsy!" thought Samuel Samuel. "He must be crazy." Samuel hid behind another tree and watched to see what Aloysius would do next.

"Meeower, meeeow," wailed Aloysius loudly, sounding as much like a cat as he could. Then he crouched on the ground and waved the tip of his tail as he had seen cats do.

"Poor old Aloysius," said Samuel to himself. "He's gone batty in the bean. I'd better catch him before he hurts himself."

Samuel tiptoed into the Widow's house and got a sheet. He crept up behind Aloysius who was still crouched on the ground. Samuel quickly threw the sheet over Aloysius, and rolled him over and over until he was tightly rolled up like a cocoon with only his head sticking out.

Poor Aloysius was taken by surprise. He didn't know what was happening to him. He let out a roar and a scream that could be heard for miles around. It was so loud that it frightened away all the starlings. Then he saw that it was Samuel Samuel who had wrapped him up. He struggled to get loose.

"What are you trying to do to me?" he shouted at Samuel. "Un-



wrap me this minute."

"Just take it easy, Aloysius. With plenty of bed rest and a soft diet, you'll soon be good as new."

"I don't need any bed rest," screamed Aloysius. "And as soon as I get untangled from this thing, I'm going to make a diet out of you." Aloysius finally struggled free. Showing his teeth and snarling, he lunged at Samuel.

"Help!" yelled Samuel. "He's

dangerous!" And away they ran up the road in a cloud of dust.

"Oh dear," said the Widow as they zipped past her on the road, "they're quarreling again. I wonder what the trouble is this time."

As she unloaded her groceries on the kitchen table, she said, "I'll just go ahead and set the table for three. Because no matter how hard they fight, they'll be friendly when it's time for food."



"Stop saying it won't work. I'll find out for myself."

Here Comes Summer

By Glenn O. Blough

Professor of Education
University of Maryland

Author of *Wait for the Sunshine*

eat, where they live, how they fight their enemies, and other exciting things.

Toads live in gardens and near ponds. Frogs live in ponds. Fish live in the water of ponds and streams. They all do interesting things like catching food and getting away from their enemies. Many people never see these things going on because they don't look at the right time. You can see them if you try.

In the warm days of summer, plants grow. Some grow very fast. Did you ever think of measuring to see how fast some plants grow when the weather is warm? Corn grows very fast at the tip, and so do other farm crops and garden plants and weeds. Just for fun, mark the tip of a plant with ink, or tie a white thread around it, and see how fast it grows.

Leaves do interesting things when they grow, too. Some unroll, some untwist, some unwind, and some just get larger. Watch them and you may be surprised.

Flower buds are interesting to watch as they open, too. Some open very fast, especially in the morning. Some take two or three days to open. Some open only for a day. Some open only at night and some only in the morning and some only in the afternoon.

Summertime is a good time to watch other things happen, too. Did you ever stop to watch a big machine at work? Big machines dig basements for houses and stores. They build roads. They build bridges. They unload things from railroad cars. And they do all sorts of other things.

Big machines are made of pulleys and levers and screws and wedges and wheels and other small machines.

Something has to make big ma-

chines move. Electricity makes some of them move. Steam makes some of them move. Gasoline- and oil-burning engines make some of them move.

The next time you see a big machine at work, look at it closely. See if you can find some of the little machines it is made of. See if you can tell what makes the machine go.

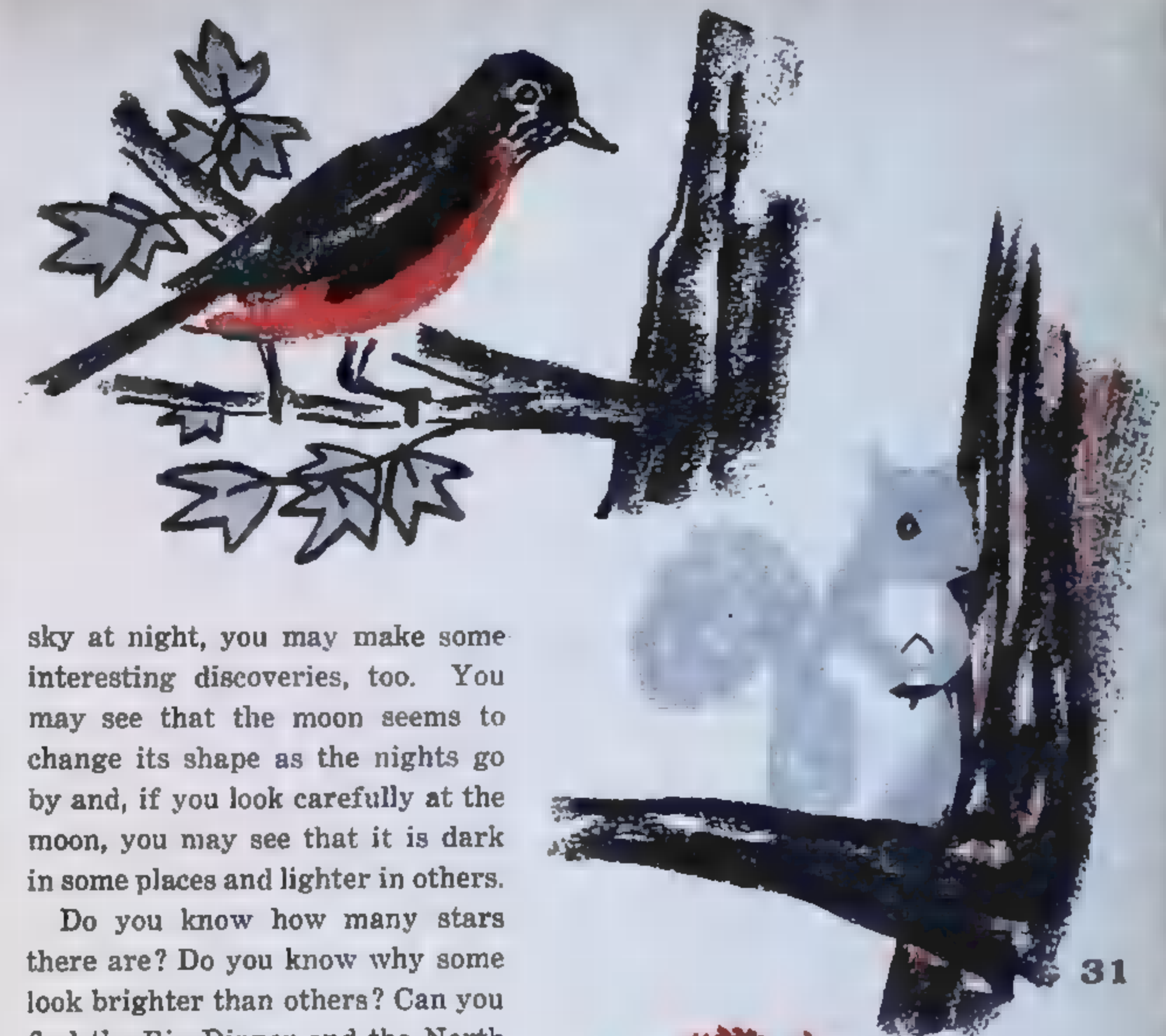
Machines do many different jobs—they dig, they lift, they carry, they bend and break, they pack things together, and they tear things apart. When you see a machine, try to find out what kind of work it is doing. You will be surprised at the many different jobs machines can do.

Even in your house and in your yard and in your garage, machines like hammers and pliers and can openers and lawn mowers make work easier. Watch them when you use them and try to see how they help you to do things that you couldn't do without them.

Summertime is a good time for looking up at things, too. In the daytime, look up at the clouds and see what you can discover. Are the clouds getting larger or smaller? What are the clouds made of? What makes them disappear sometimes? These are questions that you can't answer just by watching and wondering. You need to ask someone. If there is no one near to ask, you may find the answer in a book in your house or in the library.

Books tell the answers to many different things that you wonder about, and summertime in the library you may find out some things that no one else in your family knows about clouds and what they are like, and what makes it rain, and why the wind blows.

If you look up at the summer



sky at night, you may make some interesting discoveries, too. You may see that the moon seems to change its shape as the nights go by and, if you look carefully at the moon, you may see that it is dark in some places and lighter in others.

Do you know how many stars there are? Do you know why some look brighter than others? Can you find the Big Dipper and the North Star? Look in a science book if you want to know about these things.

If you look around you this summer at the animals and plants, and at the machines, and at the clouds in the daytime and the stars at night, you will have many things to tell about when school begins. You may know some things that no one else in your class knows. And if anyone asks you how you know, you can say, "I found out by myself by looking and thinking and reading."

Illustrated by Richard H. Sanderson



Summertime means warm days. It means that living things around you are growing, and you have time to watch them. Animals and plants around you are doing all kinds of interesting things. Perhaps you have never seen them because you haven't looked carefully. This summer why don't you look and see what you can discover by watching?

There must be a family of birds near your house—robins or catbirds or song sparrows or blue jays. What do they do all day? Where do they build their nests? What do they use to make their nests? Some birds use mud and grass and twigs. Some use feathers, and even the hair of horses. Some even use the skin of snakes!

If you see a bird with a twig or a feather or grass in its mouth, watch it and see where it is going. You may discover the nesting place.

Then you will know where to watch to make more discoveries about nest-building.

If you see a bird with an insect or a worm in its mouth, watch to see where it is going. You may discover a nest of baby birds and you will see how hard birds work to feed their babies. Of course you will be careful not to disturb the nest of the baby birds.

There may be squirrels or other furry animals near you. What do they do all day? It takes a lot of watching and waiting, but you may discover that they are building homes or taking care of their young or doing some other interesting things.

There are almost sure to be insects living near you—walking-sticks, a praying mantis, grasshoppers, ladybugs, beetles, ants, bees, and other insects. If you watch, you may discover what they

Andrew Jackson

and the Declaration of Independence

By Mabelle E. Martin

"We will call him Andrew, after his father," said Betty Jackson, mother of the newborn baby. "He will grow to be big, brave, and strong, just like his father."

The Jacksons lived in Ireland. They were poor tenant farmers and could never hope to own land there. When Hugh Jackson, Andrew's brother, came back from the Indian wars in America, he gave such glowing accounts that twenty families decided to migrate. Then the women began to think of the hardships of the voyage and of the difficult life in the New World. Some of them decided they didn't care if land was cheap and plentiful in America, they would stay in Ireland. But the Jacksons and one other family were determined to come.

Betty Jackson had three married sisters living in the Garden of the Waxhaws near the present site of Charlotte, North Carolina. How glad those sisters were to see Betty and her family. But land near the sisters was expensive. The Jacksons went twelve miles farther into the frontier where land was cheap and neighbors scarce.

Mr. Jackson worked too hard on his two hundred acres, clearing land of brush and trees, building a cabin and sheds, and farming. After two years he died, and Mrs. Jackson and her boys made the trip through sleet and snow, back to her sister's.

A few days after they arrived, little Andrew was born, March 15, 1767. He grew up in a household of eleven children—eight Crawford and three Jacksons.

Andrew was always fighting. He would take on any boy, no matter what his size, nor how many times the boy had already whipped him. His rough ways worried his mother. She hoped he would change his ways as he grew up. She wanted him to become a preacher. She sent him to the preacher's school. The other children went to less expensive schools.

Andy could read by the time he was five years old. He could write a neat, legible hand by the time he was eight. This was a great accomplishment, for in those days few adults could read, and most of them had to sign their names with an X because they could not write.

The Crawfords were important people in the community and Andy was proud to be living with James Crawford. Robert Crawford, brother of James, was so important that the neighbors called him "Esquire." It was here that the men of the community came to hear the newspaper read aloud.

A post rider brought the mail from Charles Town (now Charleston, South Carolina) about once a week; and soon after it arrived, there would be a public reading. By the time Andrew was nine years old, he was the best reader



Illustrated by Jerome Weisman

in the community. And, in his own words, he was "selected as often as any grown man in the settlement" to be the public reader.

The month that Andrew was nine, March, 1776, the thirteen colonies belonging to England were having trouble about taxes. Young Andrew had heard these problems talked about. He knew about the Boston Tea Party, and about the Minute Men who were fighting the British in the North.

The people had been gathering at Robert Crawford's house to hear about these stirring events. They knew that the Continental Congress had been meeting in Philadelphia for over a year, trying to decide what to do about this trouble. They knew that George Washington had been appointed Com-

mander in Chief of the Continental Army.

But they did not know if the fight was for independence or only to make England treat the colonies fairly and justly. Most of them were Irish. They were ready to fight for independence from England. But what would Congress decide?

At last, in August, 1776, came the news of what the Continental Congress had done on July 4th. The Philadelphia paper had a complete copy of the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Crawford told Andrew to practice reading it so he would not stumble over the big words. A crowd of about forty men came to hear, for the first time, one of the most important documents in American history read to them by a nine-year-old boy.

"In Congress, July 4, 1776," Andrew read. "When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another. . . ." For about a thousand words he read on, until he came to the final words: "And, for the support of this declaration. . . we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." Andrew had read without stumbling over a single word.

They all began talking at once. They were ready to fight. But not until 1780 did the British really invade the South. Mrs. Jackson and most of her neighbors then fled to the hills, driving their animals, and carrying their possessions. When the British army left, they returned to their homes.

Andrew and his brother went to the army encampment and were accepted. Andrew, not quite fourteen, was made a messenger. He was a good rider and a good shot,

and he knew the country well. In later life he said this was a good job for him.

There were many Tories who helped the British army by driving off animals and spying on their neighbors. One April day in 1781, they led British soldiers to a group of men and boys who were in a church, planning their next move. The British captured some of them, and killed some. Andrew and others jumped to their horses and rode into the swamp.

Andrew found his brother Robert. They spent a chilly night in hiding. The next morning they appeared at the home of a neighbor. A spy saw them and reported to the British soldiers, who surprised them as they were ready to eat breakfast.

The commanding officer said to Andrew, "Clean my muddy boots." Andrew's eyes shone like fire as he said, "I am a prisoner of war and expect to be treated like one, not like a slave." The officer lifted his sword and aimed a violent blow. Andrew threw up his hand. It was cut to the bone, and a gash on his head left a lifetime scar.

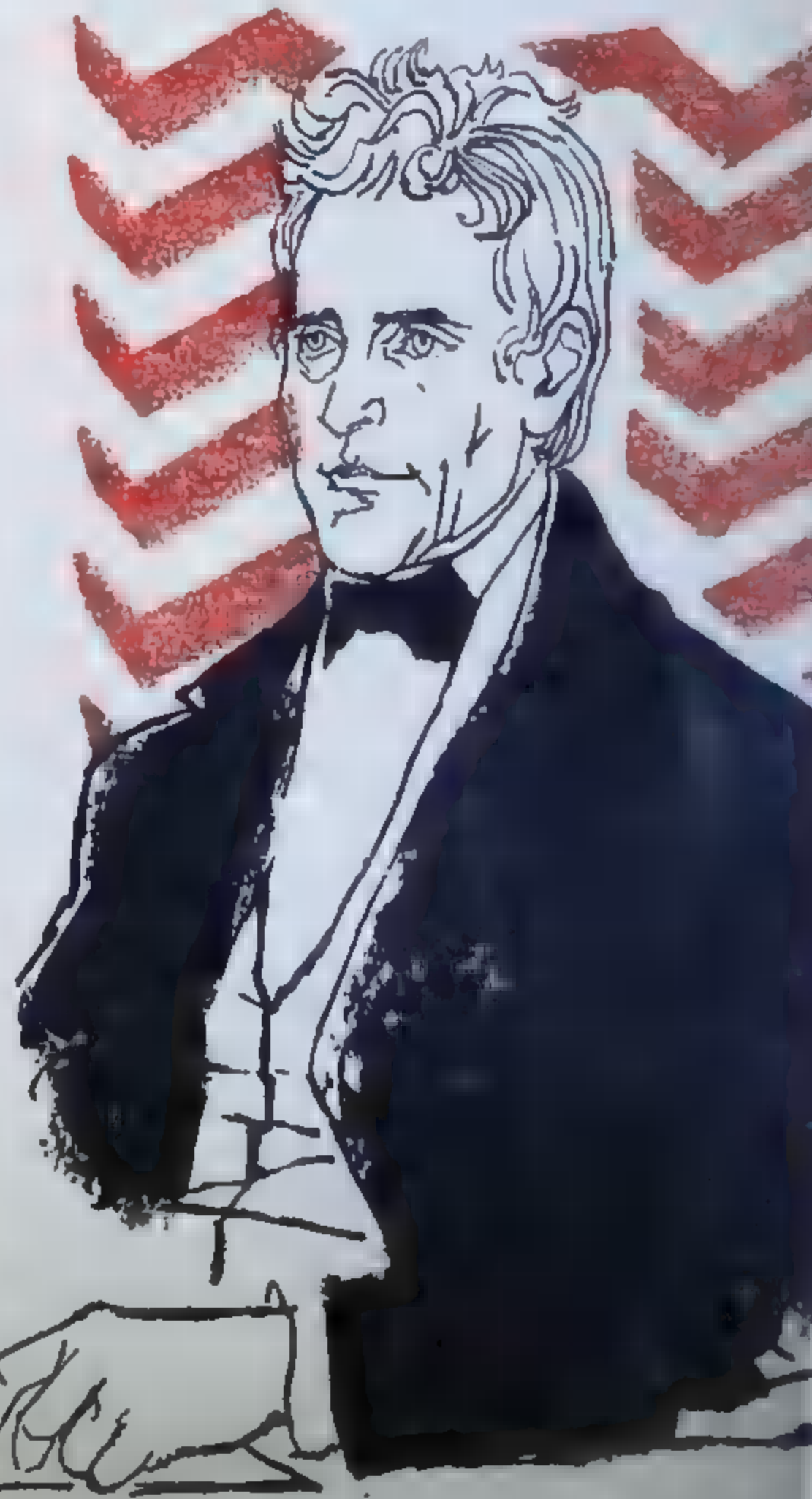
Both boys were marched with other prisoners to Camden, forty miles away. Their wounds were not dressed. They had no food. They nearly died of thirst. In the prison, they had no medical attention, and when smallpox broke out, there was little chance for any of them to live. It all seemed hopeless.

One day when Andrew was half asleep, he heard his name being called. "Andrew Jackson! Andrew Jackson!" He stumbled after the guard into the bright sunshine, wondering what was going to happen to him. He could hardly believe his eyes when he saw his mother standing there. She had managed to get the Waxhaw boys included

in an exchange of prisoners. She was there to take them home.

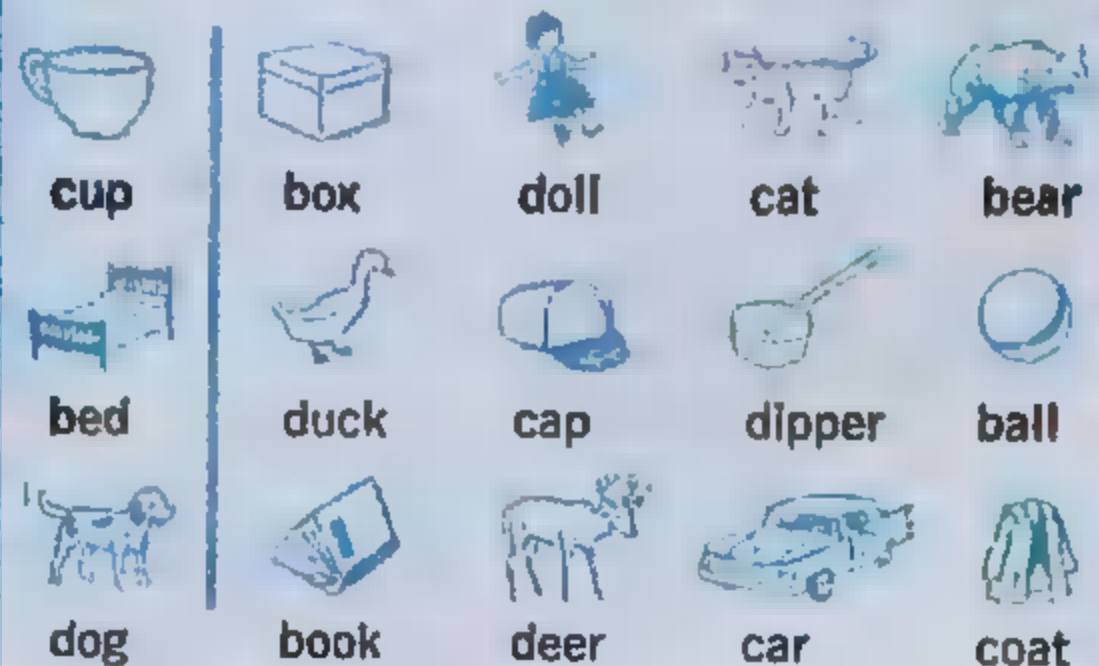
Two days after they reached home, Robert died. Andrew recovered from smallpox but was ill for months. Then his mother went to Charles Town to nurse some of her nephews, caught "ship fever," and died. Andrew felt utterly alone in the world. He was the only living member of his family. He wondered what would become of him. Today we know. He became the seventh President of the United States (1829-1837), a nation he had fought to create.

We celebrate our national birthday on July 4th because that is the day the Declaration of Independence was signed. This Fourth of July, will you remember what it cost Andrew Jackson and his generation to make our nation?



★ Who won't wish he had been nine-year-old Andrew Jackson, reading aloud to the neighbors, from a Philadelphia newspaper, the Declaration of Independence which none of them had ever heard or seen before?

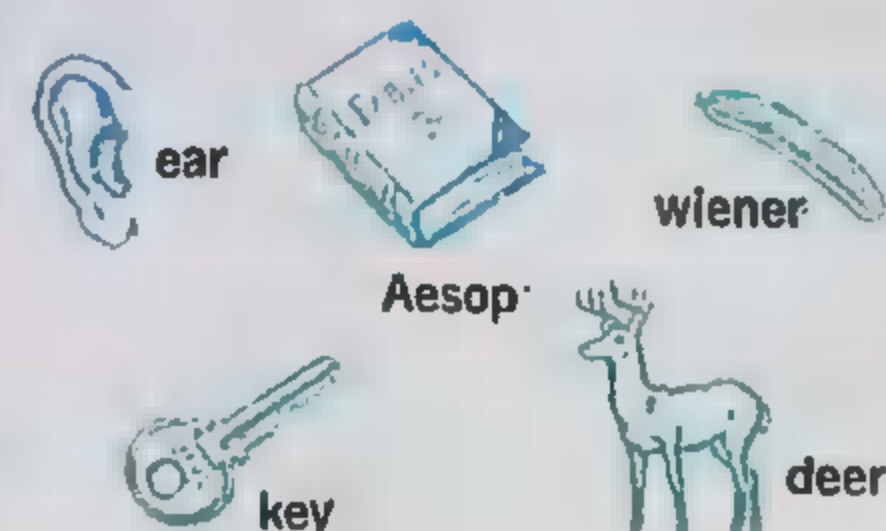
Matching Words Beginning With the Same Letter and Sound



Say aloud each pictured word at the left of the line. Find the words at the right which begin with the same letter and sound.

Some Ways of Making the Long Sound of e

Say these pictured words aloud. Listen for the long sound of e as in be.



Now say the following words aloud. Name the letter or letters making the long e sound in each word.

beet	aeon	pier	near
weird	tier	seat	seen
deer	fear	me	machine

Adding Letters to Words

Begin with the word work.

Add s - works

Add ing - working

Add ed - worked

Now add s, ing, and ed to these words, saying each word aloud as you do so.

walk	ask	race
pour	cook	play
kick	mow	haul
jump	listen	plow

★ On this page the child sees and hears, in new and meaningful settings, sounds he has heard and used for years.



Garden Flowers

By Lou and Campbell Grant

Once there was a lovely garden that belonged to a little girl . In the garden there was a daisy and a rose and a poppy and a pansy . Every day the little girl watered the flowers with her watering can and hoed the weeds with her hoe and took care of the garden. One day the pansy said, "The little girl is going to get her scissors and cut me and put me in her house." The daisy said, "You're too small. The little girl will choose to cut me with her scissors because I'm so tall." The poppy said, "You're both wrong. The little girl will choose me to cut with her scissors and put in her house because I'm such a pretty color." Then the rose spoke up and said, "I think you're all wrong. The little girl will certainly cut me with her scissors first because I smell so sweet." The next day the little girl came into the garden with her watering can and her hoe and her scissors and after she had hoed the weeds and watered the flowers, she took her scissors and she didn't just cut the pansy or the daisy or the poppy or the rose . She cut all the flowers and put them in a basket for her mother .

★ The word with the picture is far better for learning to read than is the picture instead of the word.

Fun With Phonics

Same Pronunciation, Different Spelling, Different Meaning

Notice the underlined words which sound alike.

Read these sentences to a friend and see how well he can spell the marked words.

The boy sent with only a cent to buy perfume didn't find much sent in it.

I heard the man with only one eye vote aye.

The donkey stood for four minutes with his forefeet on the window sill.

The cattle lowed as we began to load ore from the lode.

She rowed the boat down the stream and he rode the mule down the road.

He knew that the gnu in the zoo was new.

Please sew my coat so I can go sow the grass seed.

Our Own Page



Dennis Kane, Age 8
1140 Oak St.
Dubuque, Iowa



Man Mowing the Lawn

Craig C. Olson, Age 5
504 Wells St.
Darlington, Wis.



Paul Bunyan

Sandra Lawson, Age 9
Madison, Pa.



Richard Condon, Age 7
2222 E. Gore
Orlando, Fla.



Willie A. Dater, Age 12
R. 2, Box 106
Alpine, Ala.



Doris Fisher, Age 5
19 Riverton Dr.
San Francisco, Calif.



Christopher Thorkelson, Age 7
Mansfield Centre, Conn.

36



Spider With a Hat On

Diane Price, Age 3
5325 W. Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif.



Sly Old Wolf

Robin Zucco, Age 10
916 E. Crestview Ct.
Crown Point, Ind.



Lady in Car

Judy Mae Dustin, Age 4
R. 2
Galve, Ill.



Jennifer Davis, Age 6
547 Allenhurst Rd.
Buffalo, N. Y.

Good Night Prayer

Good night, God.
Good night, God.
Now it is dark
And the stars are out.
Thank you for our world.

Belinda Lee Hahn, Age 5
3915 W. 149th St.
Hawthorne, Calif.

My Freedom

I'm glad that I'm an American.
I'm glad that I'm free;
I'm glad this is my country
Made for you and me.
For honesty and loyalty,
For being bold and brave,
Our flag is always best by far,
So long may it wave.

Jeanette Holien, Age 11
Box 503
Cando, W. Dak.

My Dog

My dog's name is Ranger.
He is at my side in time of danger.
To lose him now would break my heart.
So I pray every day that we never part.

Kicking Dandelions

I like kicking dandelions,
It's so much fun—
Like fluttering white birds
Against the yellow sun.
Do you like kicking dandelions?
I do—you could, too.
Come with me just this once,
I'll kick dandelions with you.

Johannie Cooke, Age 13
Gilliland Jr. High
Gilliland, Texas

Patricia Aufderheide, Age 10
4711 Colorado St.
Duluth, Minn.

Tweet, Tweet

I heard a bird say tweet, tweet.
He said it to his sweet sweet.
And then they did meet meet,
And they made more tweet, tweet.

Summer Nights

I like nights, summer nights,
when the lights are dim and dark,
and the evening shadows steal
across the park. I like nights,
summer nights, when everyone is
asleep and all the waters seem so
deep. I like nights, summer nights,
when it is time to rest. I like them
all; yes, all, yes, all. But I like
summer ones best, best, best. But
I like summer ones best.

George Wargo, Age 8
4118 Visterview St.
West Mifflin, Pa.

Sallie Mounger, Age 7
803 La Salle St.
Tallulah, La.

Please send your drawings in black on white paper about eight by eleven inches, with your name, address, and age on the back. Also enclose a note from your parent or teacher stating that your drawings, stories, or verses are your very own. Mail to Highlights for Children, Honesdale, Pennsylvania. No contributions will be returned.

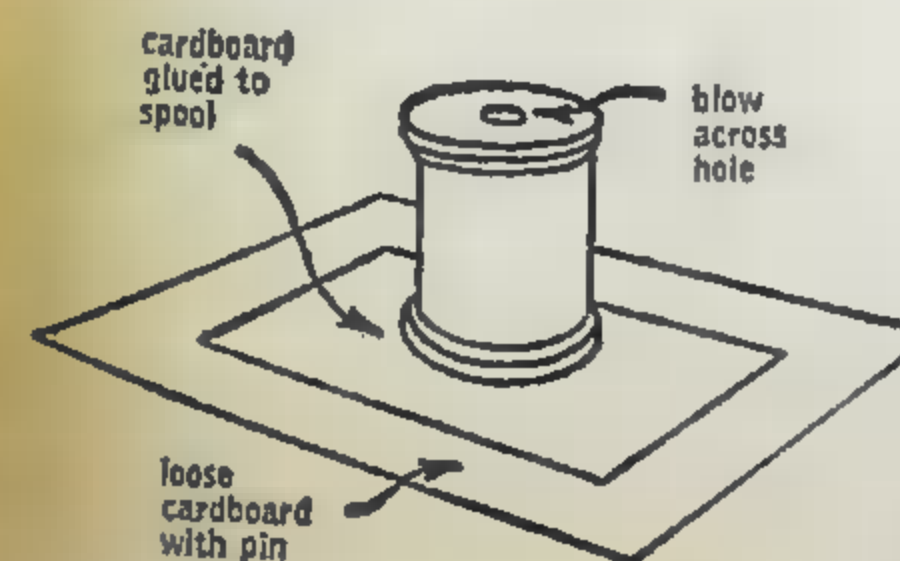
Tricks and Teasers

1. Place seventeen toothpicks in six squares as shown. Take away six toothpicks, leaving two squares. They need not be the same size.



2. Pick up a dime from a table and drop it into a glass without touching the dime, the table, or the glass, and without putting anything under it to lift it.

3. Glue a thin piece of cardboard to the bottom of an empty thread spool. Put a hole in the cardboard so you can blow through the spool. Hold another piece of cardboard against the first one. Put a pin through this cardboard up into the hole of the spool. If you take your hand away, the cardboard with the pin in it will fall. But blow across the hole in the spool and the cardboard will hold tightly and won't fall off.



4. Put nine pigs into four pens so that there is an uneven number of pigs in each pen.

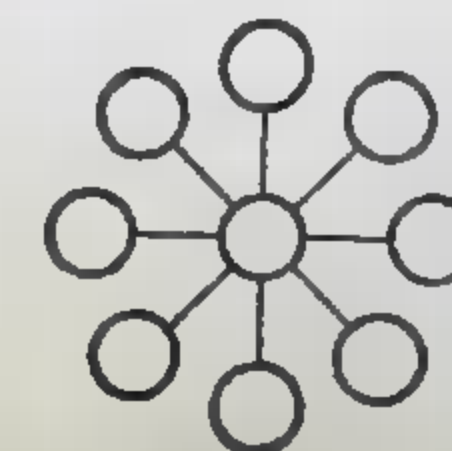
5. What whole number added to 1000 is more than if 1000 is multiplied by that number?

6. Suppose you want to find the center of a circle and have only a ruler and a pencil. How could you do it?

7. Read this:
stand take 2 taking
I you throw my

8. Without looking at any bills, answer the following:
a. On the one-dollar bill, which way is Washington facing?
b. On the five-dollar bill, which way is Lincoln facing?
c. How many times does the figure 1 appear on the dollar bill, not including the date or serial number?
d. How many times does the word "one" appear on the dollar bill?
e. What is pictured on the reverse side of the five-dollar bill?
f. How many times does the word "five" appear on the five-dollar bill?

9. Can you place the even numbers from 2 to 18 in these nine circles so that any three circles in a line will total 30?



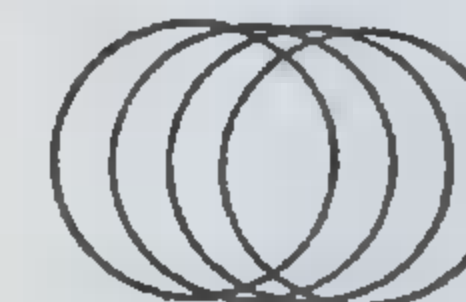
10. Mr. Smith had only \$10 in his wallet when he went downtown.

He returned that evening with a new hat, a steak, \$20, and had had a tooth extracted. Mr. Smith gets paid by check every Thursday, and only the bank will cash his check. The bank is open only Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday. The dentist takes Saturday off. The meat market is closed on Thursday and Friday. What day of the week did Mr. Smith go downtown?

11. Can you draw this envelope with one continuous line without retracing any line, and without lifting the pencil from the paper?



12. Keep staring at this coil and it will appear to change so that you can look through it from either the left or the right.



13. Carefully pour water into a clean, dry glass until it is full. Do NOT spill any water on the outside of the glass. When everyone has decided the glass will hold no more water, ask them how many pennies can be dropped into the glass before the water will overflow. Then take one penny at a time and SLOWLY SLIDE it into the water, then drop it. Keep dropping pennies. Sometimes as many as twenty pennies can be added to the glass.

★ Puzzles within the grasp of many a child who can read. Challenging to the smartest person.

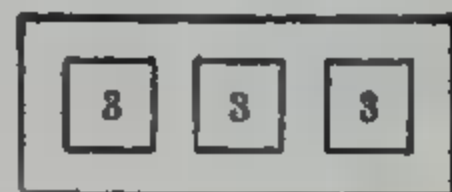
Answers to some of these Tricks and Teasers are on page 38.

37

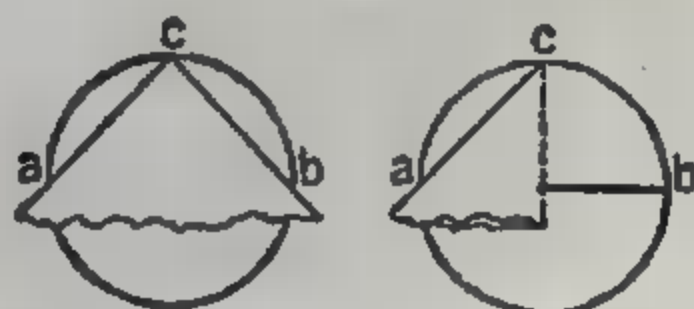
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4



38



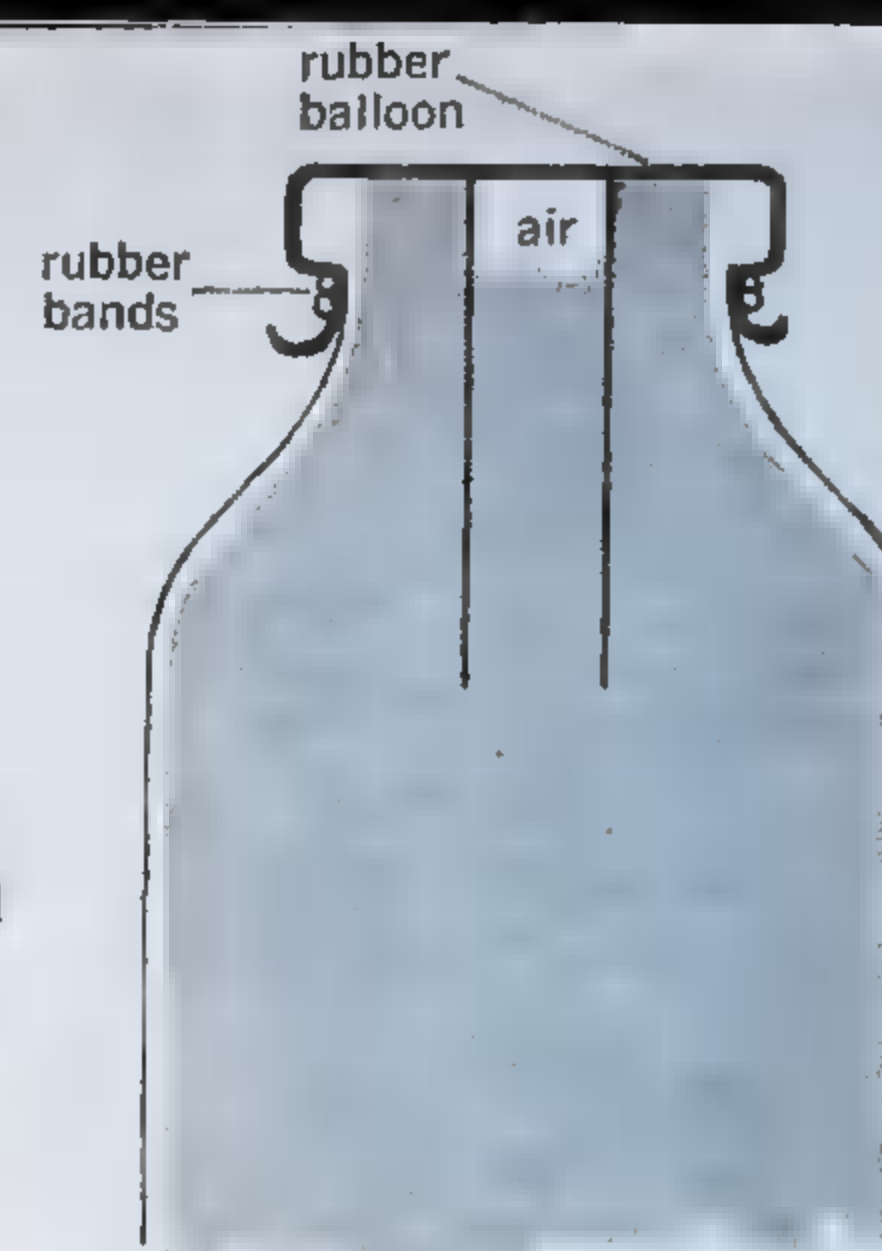
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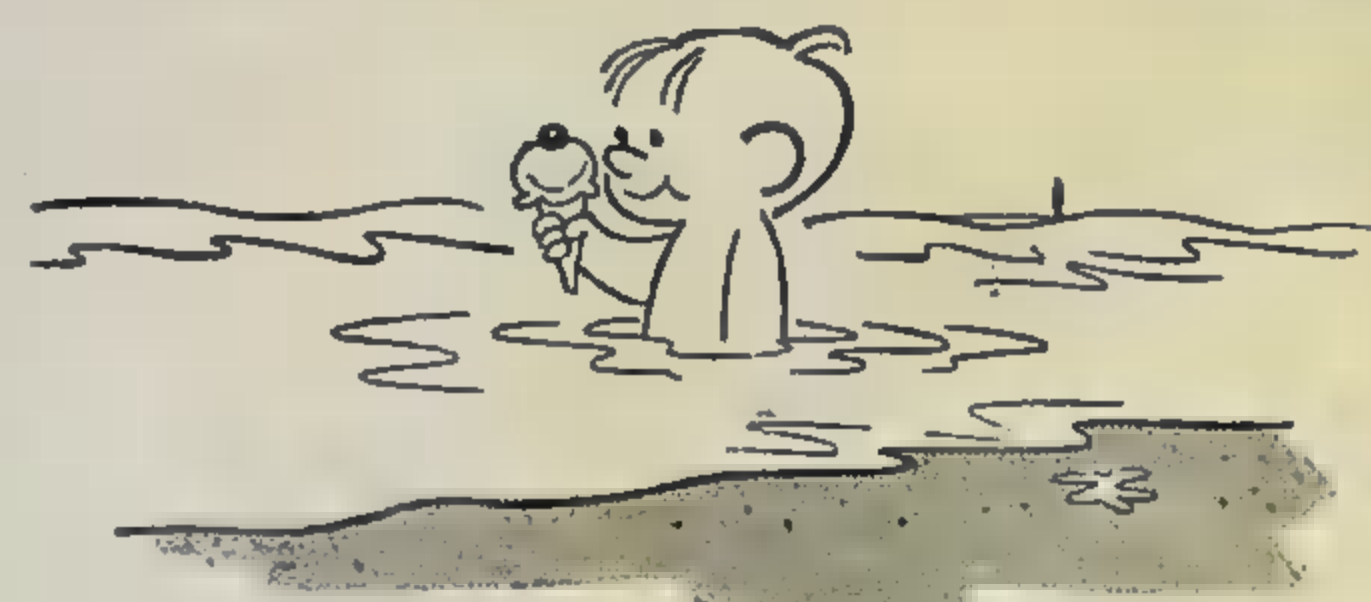
Try This!

lipstick tube or small vial

water



1.



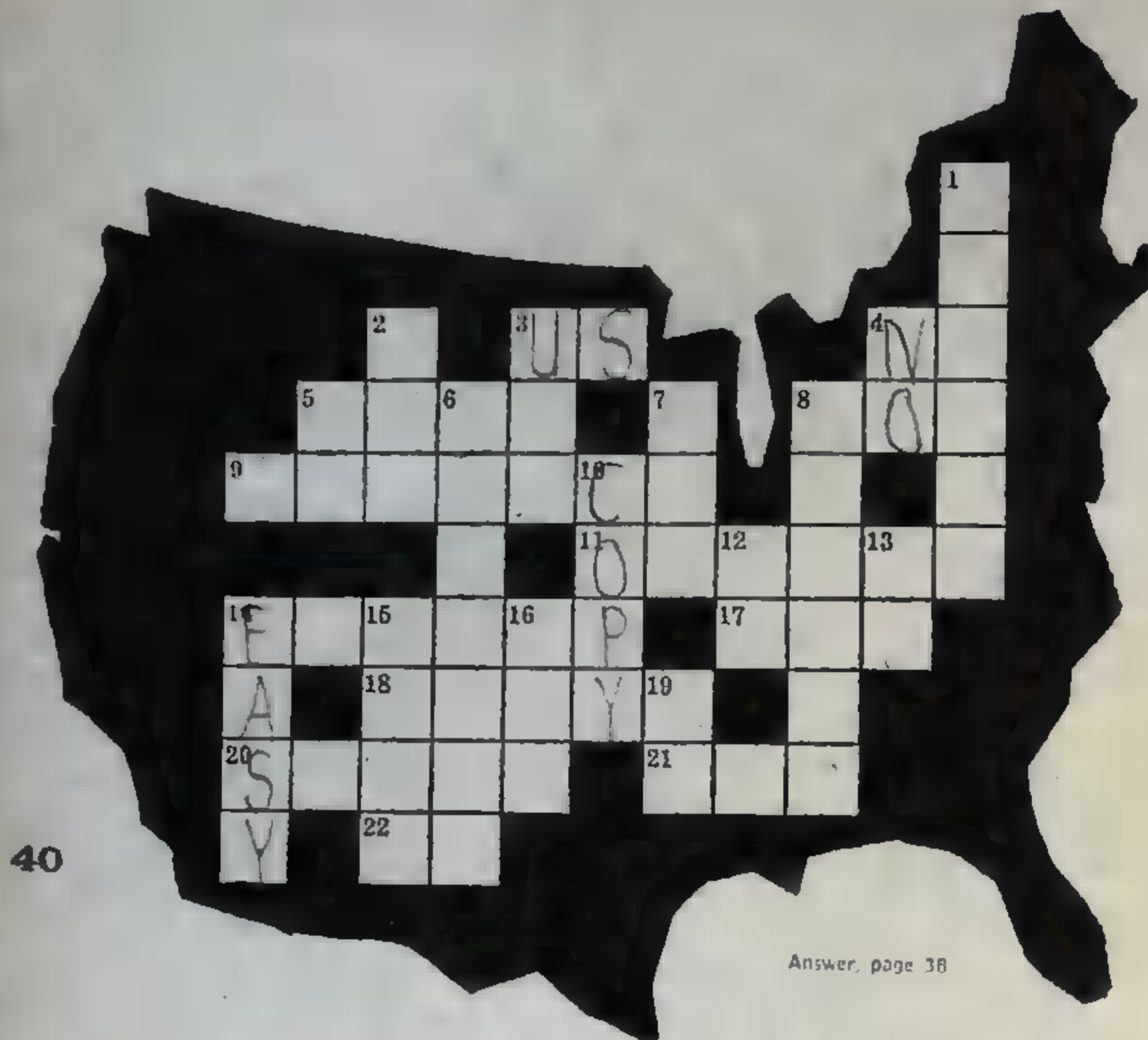
2.



3.



The U.S. Vanguard I, an earth satellite, was two years old on March 17, 1960. The total distance it had traveled up to then was 281,495,400 miles. It is expected to orbit for 200 years. This satellite is $6 \frac{2}{5}$ inches in diameter and weighs $3 \frac{1}{4}$ pounds. It carries six solar batteries powering a radio that is still transmitting valuable information.



Answer, page 38

A Crossword Puzzle

By Lucy Hamilton

Across

3. You and I
4. A continent (abbreviation)
5. Storage place for fodder
8. Signal of distress
9. Branch of our armed forces
11. Our northern neighbor
14. Oration
17. And so forth (abbreviation)
18. Indian weapon
20. Following thirty-nine
21. "My country, — of thee. . ."
22. A state (abbreviation)

Down

1. Forty-ninth state
2. Title of respect
3. Was victorious
4. Opposite of yes
5. A continent (abbreviation)
6. Freedom
7. Our country
8. Divisions of our country
10. Repeat a sound
12. A direction (abbreviation)
13. Site of the city of Washington (abbreviation)
14. Opposite of hard
15. Merit
16. Shout
19. Weight (abbreviation)

What Would You Do

If, while you were home alone with your baby sister, she cut her finger enough to make it bleed?

If you were lost in a big store?

If you hit some person without meaning to do it?

If you were out in the garden and it began to rain hard?

If you answered the telephone, and the person calling wished to talk to your mother who had gone to the post office?

Good or Bad Manners?

This is how Fran answers the telephone: "Hello. What do you want? She's not home."

While sitting in church with his father and mother, Henry kept turning his head and watching the people coming in.

As Patsy leaves Mary's house after the party is over, she says good-bye to Mary's mother, thanking her for a good time.

Man's Deepest Ocean Dive

The deepest known point in the world is a place in the Pacific Ocean about 210 miles off the island of Guam. It is deeper than Mount Everest is high.

Recently, Jacques Piccard, a Swiss scientist, and Don Walsh, a U.S. Navy lieutenant, descended 37,800 feet to the bottom of the ocean at this place. They made the journey in a small sphere laden with recording instruments, water, and buckshot. Using powerful lights, they gazed for thirty minutes at the undersea life that withstands incredible pressure in that cold, black world. The return trip took three hours and seventeen minutes, about an hour and a half less than it took to go down.

Jokes



What are four letters that will scare a burglar?

OIGU

Jan Schiller—Texas

Tom: "What's the difference between a lemon, elephant, and a tube of glue?"

Mary: "I give up."

Tom: "You can squeeze a lemon, but you can't squeeze an elephant."

Mary: "What about the tube of glue?"

Tom: "That's where you get stuck."

Mary Elmer—Louisiana



"Doctor, doctor, my son thinks he's Napoleon, and he couldn't be."

"Why not?"

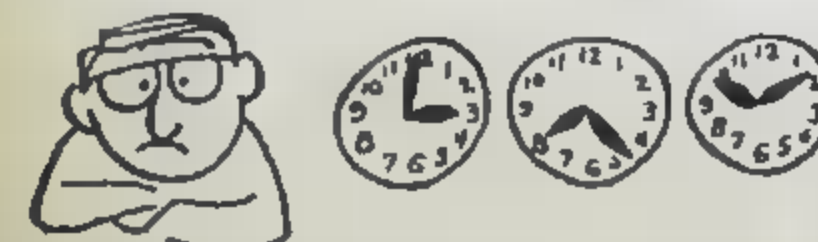
"Because I am!"

Jim Brooklier—California

Big Sister: "Eat your spinach. It will put color in your cheeks."

Little Sister: "Who wants green cheeks, anyway!"

Gregory Lusk—Ohio



Katy: "My father works in a clock factory."

Susy: "What does he do?"

Katy: "He makes faces."

Steven Aynes—Indiana

Selected by Children Seven to Twelve Years of Age

One evening Mother Gnu was waiting for Papa Gnu. "Papa, I want you to spank our son. He's been very bad."

"Oh, no!" said Papa Gnu. "Learn to paddle your own gnu!"

Becky McClarney—Tennessee



Kind Old Man: "Now, now, my little man. I wouldn't cry that way."

Little Boy: "You cry your way, and I'll cry my way."

Ronald Connor—Oklahoma

Why did Grandmother put roller skates on the bottom of the rocking chair?

Because she wanted to rock and roll.

Donald Gilmore—Colorado



If you ever want a helping hand, where would you get one?

At the end of your arm.

Candy Wild—Iowa

Send us the funniest joke you ever heard, with your name, age, and home address. If we think it good enough, we might print it in **HIGHLIGHTS**. Mail it to:

Highlights for Children
Honesdale, Pa.

Getting Ready To Read

Look at each thing in the column at the left. Say the word beside it.

Find the same thing in the second column, and say the word beside it.

Now find this word in the third column.



Theme From Tannhäuser

Richard Wagner

Arranged by Irene Harrington Young

42

Majestically

mf

mp

mf

f

f

Richard Wagner 1813-1883

By Irene Bennett Needham

Richard Wagner was born in Leipzig, Germany, on May 22, 1813. (James Madison was then President of the United States.) Richard was the ninth child of his family. He was only five months old when his father died. His mother Johanna remarried within the year. The new father, Ludwig Geyer, an old friend of the family, was a fine portrait painter and an actor.

Little Richard was taken to the theater before he could talk. He took the part of the baby when mob scenes needed an infant. Once he played an angel with wings. At four he spoke a few words on stage.

Just to feed the nine little Wagners, and his own baby daughter, kept Papa Geyer busy. He moved to Dresden, painted portraits all day, and acted or sang in the theater at night.

Mrs. Geyer was busy making costumes for the older girls who naturally became actresses and singers. Little Richard had lots of free time to watch rehearsals and run around the streets. No one paid much attention to Richard's music lessons or studies.

When he was seven, his family saw how spoiled he had become. They sent him to study at the home of Pastor Wetzel in a nearby town. He read "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Life of Mozart." In the evening, Pastor Wetzel read aloud the Greek myths. He did this with great drama, and little Richard sat spellbound as the eloquent voice

read on about the gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines, of ancient Greece.

Less than a year later, Papa Geyer died, and the family had to get along without their kind and loving stepfather. The older girls were on the stage now and could support their mother. Little Richard was put into a school in Dresden, where he stayed with family friends. He had such a vivid imagination that he thought he saw the stone statue down the street tune its violin. He thought the people painted in their picture frames came out and spoke to him. He thought he saw the ghosts of all the family friends and relatives who had died.

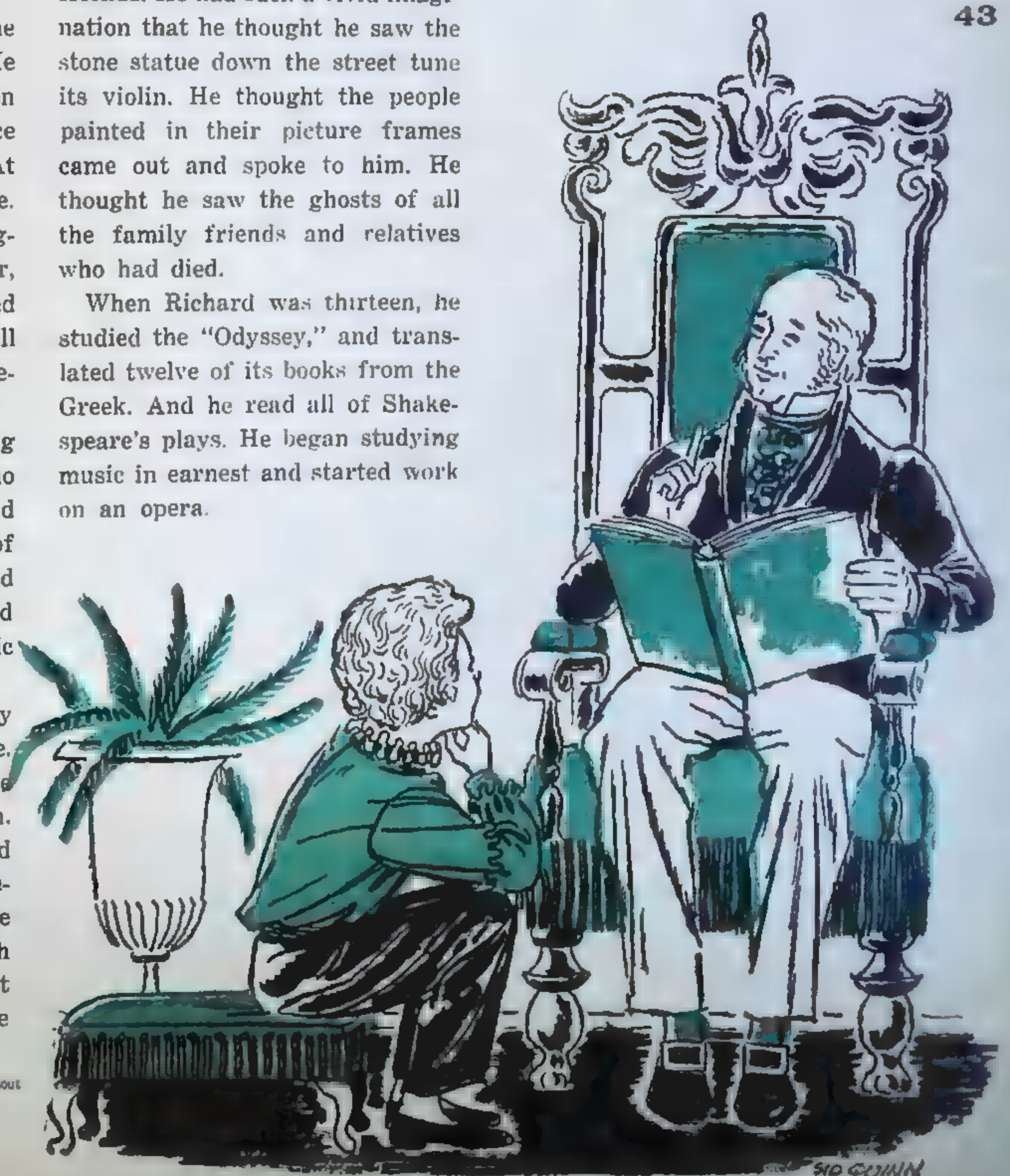
When Richard was thirteen, he studied the "Odyssey," and translated twelve of its books from the Greek. And he read all of Shakespeare's plays. He began studying music in earnest and started work on an opera.

He was only fourteen when he heard Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. He began copying Beethoven's scores, sometimes working all night long. It wasn't very good for the growing boy's health but he did learn how Beethoven put his music together.

During these school years he began the habit, which he kept up all his life, of working very hard—sixteen, eighteen, twenty hours a day were not too much when he was creating.

Richard was nearly fifteen when he finished a gory opera, modeled after Shakespeare, in which twenty-four people were killed and came

Illustrated by Sidney A. Quinn



★ Could Richard Wagner have created his great operas without having had his imagination cultivated from early infancy?



posed by Richard. When the big bass drum boomed out all alone, the audience snickered, then roared with laughter. The young composer, burning with shame, vowed that he'd someday make them sit up and listen to him. And later he did do things that were new and different in music but not quite so

new and different as the drum solo. to life as ghosts in the last act. He was sure he had a great masterpiece which would bring him fame and fortune. When he came home, he read the story to his family, humming the music that was to go with it, even naming the greatest singers of the day who were to sing the masterpiece.

The family listened in shocked silence as he read his murderous play. He was packed off to school again in a hurry. The great composer had to wait a while.

When Richard was seventeen, a family friend had his orchestra play a very unusual drum solo com-

When Richard was twenty, a symphony he had composed was played in Leipzig. He held positions as orchestra conductor but his real interest lay in writing operas. His first real success came at the age of twenty-nine when his opera "Rienzi" was performed in Dresden.

King Ludwig II of Bavaria loved his music and came to his aid when he was nearly fifty, giving him a place to live in his castle at Herrinchimsee, a place to perform his operas, with a chorus of singers and an orchestra.

When Wagner was sixty, his ad-

mirers contributed the money to build him his own theater and a beautiful home at Bayreuth. Here in the summer you can go and see Wagner's great operas performed.

Because this conceited little man was gifted in art, music, and writing, he perfected opera as no one else had ever done. Other composers had to hunt for the story but Wagner wrote his own. And he wrote the music to fit the mood of the story. He supervised every detail of the acting, demanding of the singers the absolute perfection he had demanded of himself in writing the music.

"The Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin," "Siegfried," "Tristan and Isolde," "The Ring of the Nibelungen," and "Tannhäuser" are some of the operas which the little man with the powerful imagination left to thrill us.

Mrs. Young has selected a song from "Tannhäuser" as a tiny sample of his music for you to play.

44

Following Directions

Note: Complete each direction before the child begins to carry it out.

Move your finger from the smallest dog to the largest rabbit.

From the shortest person to the tallest tree.

From the largest cow to the smallest calf.



★ For practice in concentration and in looking from left to right on the page—so essential for learning to read.

Things You've Wondered About

By Jack Myers

Professor of Botany and Zoology
University of Texas

Question:

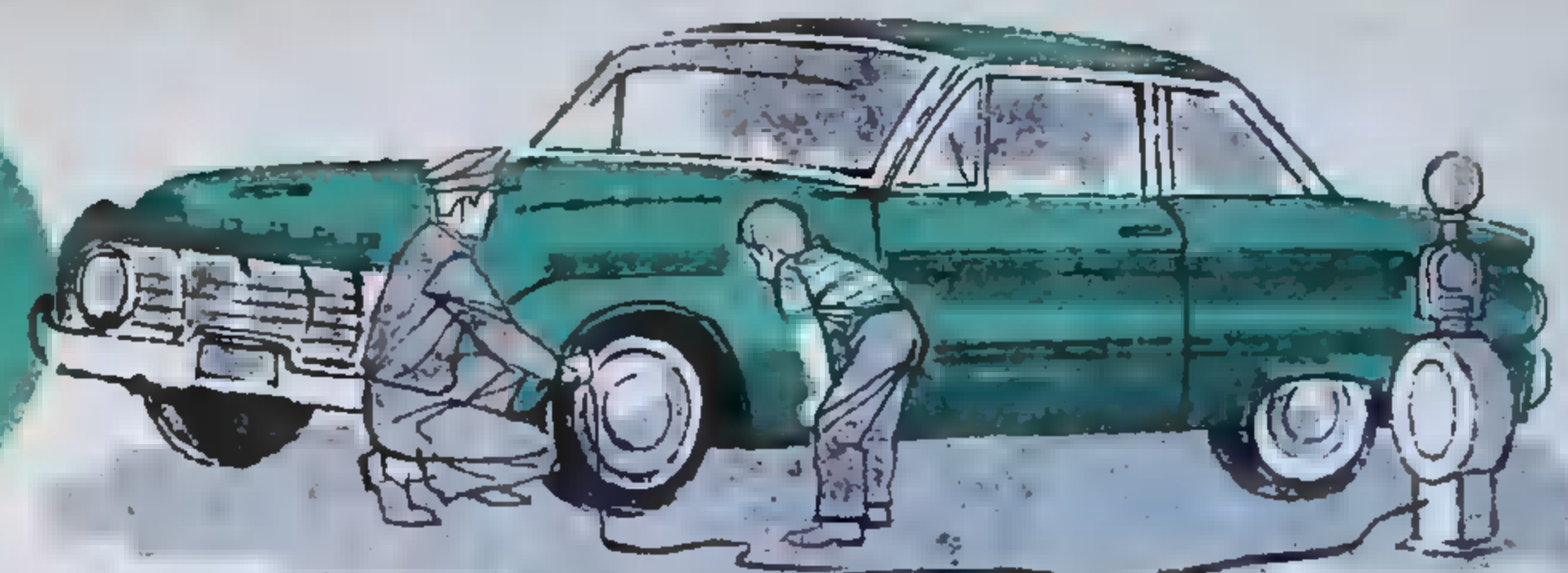
What do people mean when they say that the tires on our car should have 30 pounds of air? How can a tire hold so much air?

You are right. The air in an automobile tire does not weigh 30 pounds. It weighs only a few ounces. But we really do say that tires carry 20 to 30 pounds of pressure.

In our last two chats we were thinking about several important ideas about air. First, it is something and has weight. Secondly, it is a fluid which flows even more easily than water. And from these two ideas there came a third, that air has a pressure pushing against us on all sides with a force of about 15 pounds on each square inch.

Air has another important property. It is **elastic** (springy or rubbery) and can be squeezed or compressed. You can easily show this by an experiment. You need an empty pop bottle. Wash off the mouth. Put your lips tightly over the mouth of the bottle. Blow into it as hard as you can, and then seal it by sticking your tongue into the mouth of the bottle. Now remove your tongue. You can feel some of the air in the bottle rush back out over your tongue. You were able to squeeze some extra air into the bottle so that it had a higher pressure than the air around you.

You can also do the opposite ex-



periment. Suck on the bottle as hard as you can and stick your tongue in to seal it. You have removed some of the air from the bottle. The pressure inside is less than it is outside. And when you pull out your tongue you can feel some air rushing back in.

There are some interesting results of the elastic property of air. One is that the air around us is compressed by all the air above. And high up in the atmosphere the air gets thinner and thinner. At the top of Mount Everest, the world's highest mountain, there is only about 1/3 as much air in a quart and the air pressure is only about 5 pounds per square inch. An airplane pilot uses this idea to tell how high he is. He has an instrument called an altimeter. It has a dial which looks very much like a clock face, except that it reads in thousands of feet above sea level. What the altimeter really measures is the air pressure around the plane. The higher it goes, the lower the pressure becomes.

Beyond a few hundred miles out in space there is practically no air at all. So you see why a spaceship for a man will have to be strong and tightly sealed to hold its air inside.

We can make use of the elastic property of air to make things springy—like automobile tires. Automobiles really ride on the air in their tires. At most service stations there are electric pumps

which compress air into a tank so that it has a pressure of 75 or maybe 100 pounds per square inch. A hose is used to let air into tires. Most automobile tires are not pumped up to more than 30 pounds per square inch. (This really means 30 pounds per square inch more than the air pressure outside.)

So you see the answer to the question. Automobile tires may hold only a few ounces of air. A bicycle tire will hold even less. When we say that they should be pumped up to 30 pounds, we really mean a pressure of 30 pounds per square inch. Since most of us really are pretty lazy, we usually don't bother to say that "per square inch" part.

And though it takes only a few ounces of air to make a pressure of 30 pounds per square inch, the whole automobile rides on this elastic and springy air in its tires. If you don't believe it, just try riding in a car with a flat tire.



45

★ For satisfying useful curiosity, and arousing more of it, in children and their parents.



חולדת זכ



Bon anniversaire!



Felice compleanno!



Поздравляю!



Gratuliere zum Geburtstag!



Feliz cumpleaños!



お誕生おめでとう
お誕生日です

"Happy Birthday" Around the World

By Charles F. Berlitz
Berlitz School of Languages

Language

How To Write It

How To Say It

French

Bon anniversaire!

bohng ah-nee-vehr-ZAIR

German

Gratuliere zum Geburtstag!

grah-too-LEE-reh tsoom
gav-BOORTS-tahk

Spanish

Feliz cumpleaños!

feh-LEETH coom-pleh-AH-n'yoss

Italian

Felice compleanno!

feh-LEE-tsheh kohm-pleh-AH-noh

Russian

Поздравляю!

pahz-drah-vl'YAH-you

Hebrew

חולדת זכ

MAH-zel-tohv

Norwegian

Gratulerer!

grah-tew-LEH-rehr

Portuguese

Feliz aniversário!

feh-LEES ah-nee-vehr-SAH-r'yoh

Greek

Χρόνια Πολλά

CHRON-yah poh-LAH

Japanese

お誕生おめでとう
お誕生日です

oh-TAN-joh-bee oh-meh-deh-ton
goh-zah-ee-mahs

Hawaiian

Hauoli la hanau!

how-oo-OH-lee lah hah-NAH-oo

Arabic

عيد ميلاد سعيد

id mee-laad say-eed

★ Not for teaching foreign languages but for cultivating a feeling of neighborliness toward people of other nations.



Vegetable Menagerie

By Jane Day

The porcupine is made from a round, full turnip. Bits of burned matches are used for eyes and legs. Stick lots of toothpicks in the body and tail for spines.

For the cat, find a small potato which has a hump at one end. From cardboard, cut two small ears and a long curved tail. Make slits in the potato and insert them. Make whiskers of bristles from an old brush. Sequins or beads can be used for eyes.

Make the elephant's body from a large white potato. Cut out cardboard ears, trunk, and legs. Insert them in the potato. Use toothpicks for tusks, and sequins or beads for eyes. Cut a small wedge in the mouth for the elephant's lower lip.

For baby chicks, use big lima beans for the bodies and round peas for heads. Fasten the head to the body with a piece of toothpick. Use bits of toothpick for feathers, legs, and beaks. The wings are made of split peas. Put on eyes with ink.

For a horse, use a sweet potato for the body, and lollipop sticks for legs. For mane and tail, pull shred-

ded paper through the loop of a wire hairpin, and stick it deep into the potato. Cardboard is good for the ears, and beads for eyes.

Find a nice round cucumber and make a cucumber cow. Use lima beans for ears, fastened with pieces of toothpick. Use toothpicks for legs. Bend toothpicks to make horns.

Baby ducks can be made from lima beans. Fasten a pea on the end of a toothpick neck. Use two toothpicks for legs, and split peas for the flat feet. Use bits of toothpicks for tail feathers.

For a katydid, use a full unopened pea pod for the body. Split open another pod and take out the peas. Use one pea for the head. Place a half-pod on each side of the body for wings. Split a short, wide pod in half. Fasten half of the pod across the back of the katydid, with bent toothpicks for legs. Use bits of toothpicks for the feelers.

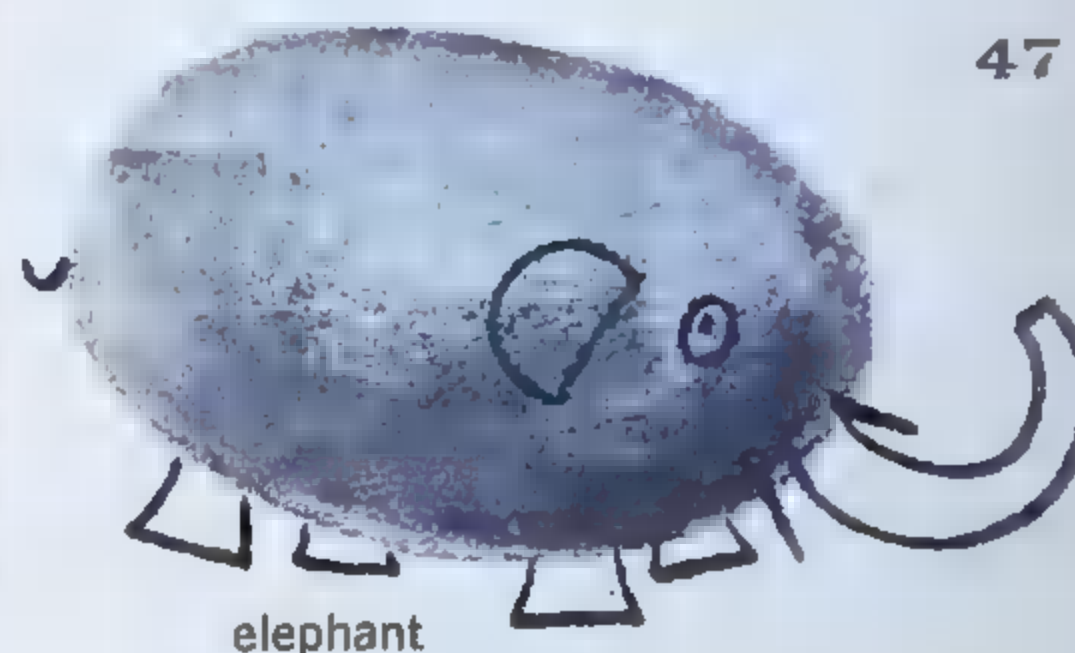
Sheep, pigs, spiders, and ever so many things can be made from vegetables, with a little imagination. Try some original ideas.



porcupine



cat



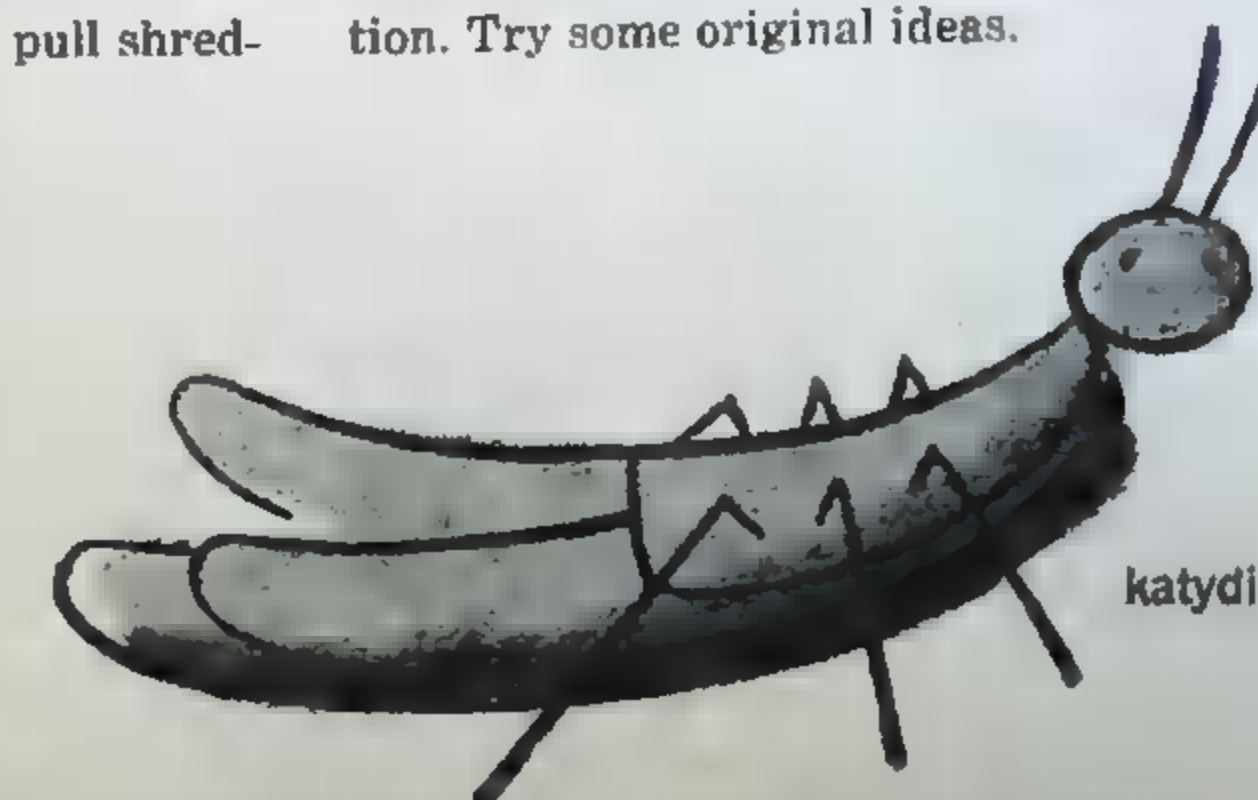
elephant



baby chicks



baby ducks



katydid

★ Novel creative fun for children of wide age-range

Things To Do



A Home Zoo

By Barbara Gilpin



Cut a window in the side of a cereal box, or in the lid of a shoe box. Place some evergreen twigs and needles inside the box. Add a small brown stick for a log. Paste a picture of a zoo animal on

a piece of cardboard, cut it out, and stand it among the evergreens. Put clear cellophane over the window.

Find pictures of other animals and "cage" them in the same way, to make a zoo.



A Basket Favor

By Ella L. Langenberg

Place five pipe cleaners so they cross, as in Figure 1. Add one half of another pipe cleaner to make eleven spokes. An uneven number of spokes is necessary for weaving.

If the weaving is to be done with colored raffia, use white or tan pipe cleaners. With light-colored cornhusks, use colored pipe cleaners.

Raffia may be used as it comes from the bunch. Cornhusks must be cut into strips about equal in width. The length of strips of both

materials will vary.

Begin weaving at the center as shown in Figure 1. Carry the strand over one spoke, then under the next spoke, pushing the strands to the center. If a strand gets too short to weave, lay another one over it and go right on weaving.

When the bottom is the desired size, turn up the spokes into basket shape, Figure 2, and go on weaving up the sides. Do not weave to the ends of the spokes. Leave

enough of each spoke to bend into a scallop, Figure 3. Push the end of each spoke down beside the spoke next to it and between the rows of weaving.

Then add another row of weaving around the top, tying a knot where two spokes come together at the base of the scallops. The knots make a nice decoration around the basket. They also keep the weaving firmly in place.

Add a pipe cleaner handle.

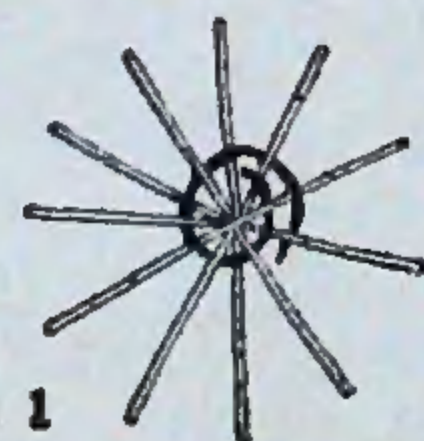


Fig. 1

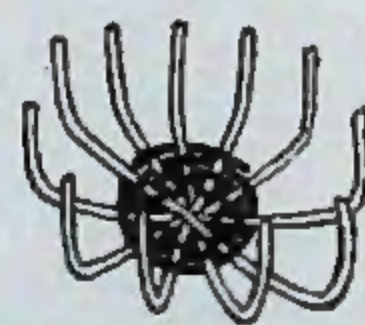


Fig. 2

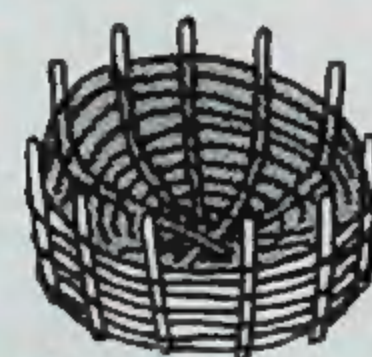


Fig. 3



★ With little or no cost for materials, these pages afford hours of fun, exercising creative skill.

Miniature Totem Poles

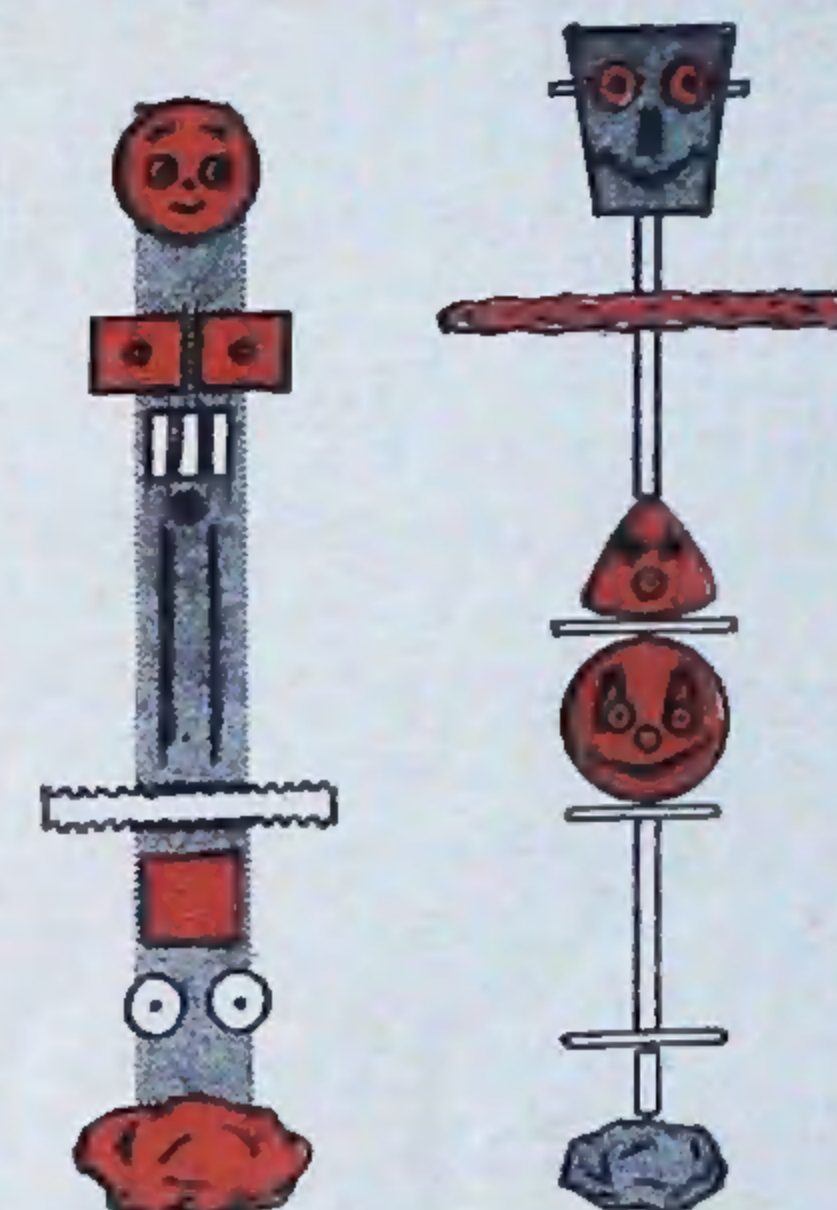
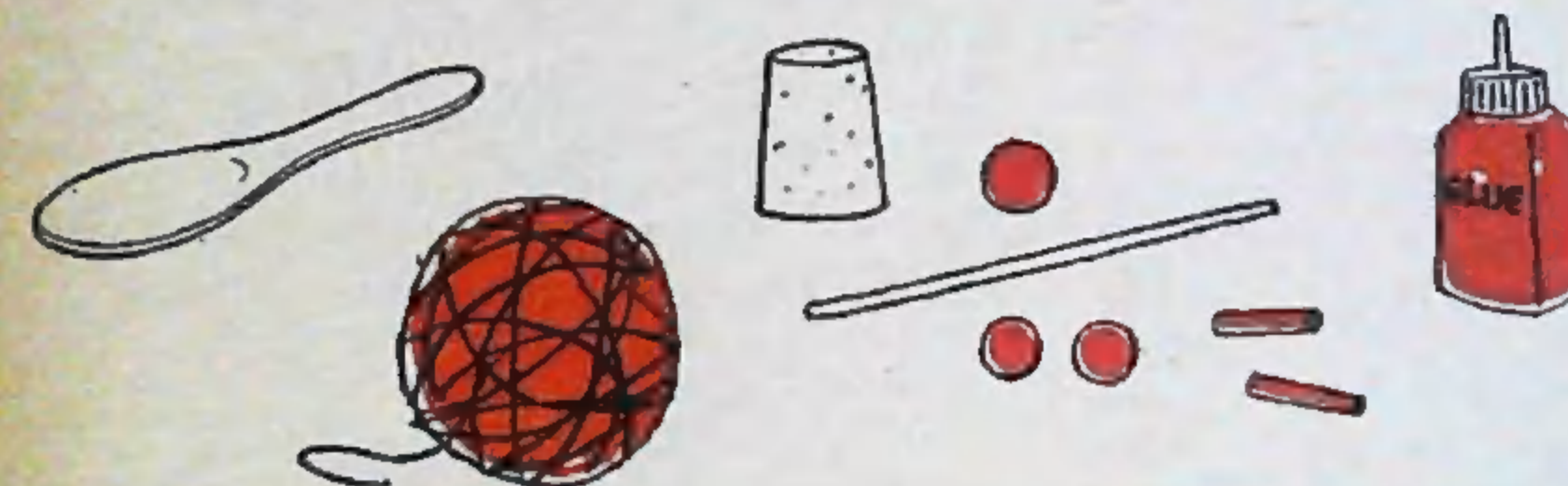
By Barbara and Sue Baker

Anything long and thin may be used for the pole, such as a soda straw, thin stick, flat strip of plastic, cardboard, or wooden spoon.

Decorate the pole with all kinds of odds and ends—old beads, straw, silver foil, corks, sequins, yarn, and

the like. Start at the bottom and add faces or designs, one over the other. Use squeeze-bottle glue or model cement to paste them in place.

Stand each pole in a wad of plastic clay.



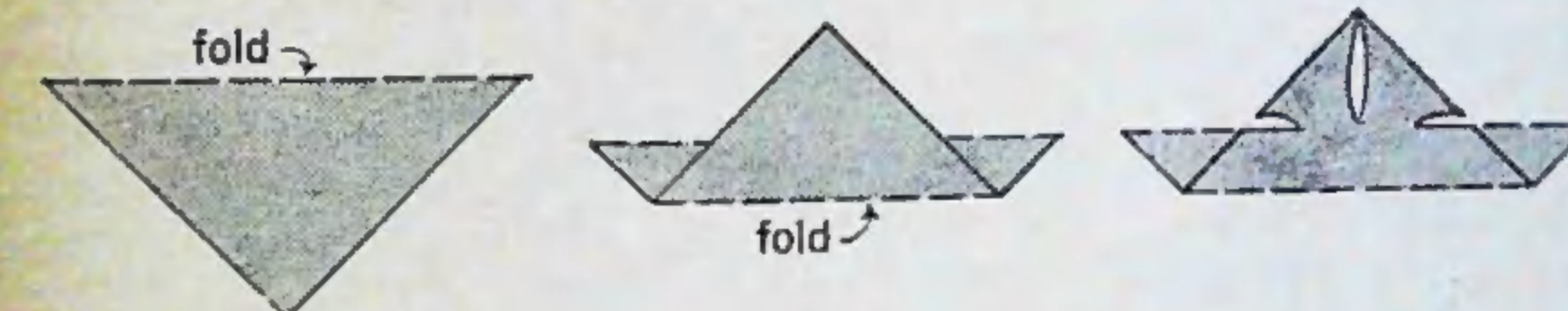
Sailboats

By Margaret Squires

Fold a 5-inch square of white paper in half, to form a triangle. Draw a line three-quarters of an inch from the fold on both sides. Fold back each side on this line as shown. Draw and cut out the sails. Cut only to the top of the fold, not through it. Glue the sails

together at the tip. When standing, they will billow out as if the wind were blowing them.

These sailboats can be made in any size or color. If they are used as party favors, print the guest's name instead of the name of a boat.



A Hatchet

By Barbara and Sue Baker

The handle of the hatchet is a long wooden clothespin. The blade is cut from thin wood, or heavy cardboard or a piece of corrugated carton. Paint both of them, adding Indian signs and symbols in contrasting colors with pen or brush. Finish with a coat of plastic spray.

Slip the blade between the clothespin prongs. Fasten it as shown, with leather or plastic thong, or colored yarn or string. Run a loop of the thong through a hole in the blade so the hatchet may be hung from the belt, or on the wall.





Headwork

Did you ever fall down in the mud?
 Can you stand on one foot?
 Would you like to sit on the moon?
 Is a worm good to eat?
 How many ears have you? How many tongues?
 Can you eat soup with a fork?
 Which are easier to wash clean, the back of your hands or your fingernails?
 Which are more, two ducks or five ducks?
 Which has larger wings, a fly or a butterfly?
 Could your mother walk in your shoes? Could you walk in hers?
 Does a toad hop the way you hop? Does a rabbit? Does a bird?
 What is the difference between a bird's tail and a cat's tail?
 What is the street address of your favorite playmate?
 What keeps the thread in the needle when you sew by hand?
 Could you carry water in a sieve?
 Do you have more uncles than cousins, or more cousins than uncles?
 Why would a pile of weeds grow lighter if no rain fell on it for several days?
 Does a bird take a bath in deep water? Why?

50



Parents — Important Notice!

We have full-time or part-time work for mothers and others in many areas as HIGHLIGHTS sales representatives. This is an opportunity for pleasant, profitable, useful work — your opportunity to perform a real service to your community and at the same time add substantially to your income. If you have a car and full-time or regular part-time hours available, write to Richard H. Bell, Director of Sales, HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN, Inc., P. O. Box 269, Columbus 16, Ohio.

As the Adams family drove by a church, Mr. Adams said, "Church services have just ended here." How did he know?

Look at the pictures on page 10. Now close the book and, without looking at the pictures again, name as many of them as you can. Then turn back to page 10 and see how many you remembered.

"They are putting in a bridge here," said Mr. Moss to his wife as they were driving in a car one night. No men were working then. Why did Mr. Moss say this?

"That dog is shedding hairs all around the house," said Mother. But she saw no hairs falling from the dog. Then how did she know?

On which money bills do the pictures of each of these men appear: Lincoln, Jackson, Hamilton, Washington? Which three of these men were alike in some way?

What might cause a person to say, "Those trees must have been planted there"?

Why is it that we have to turn food we fry on top of the stove, but don't have to turn food we bake in the oven?

Name some large fruits which grow on low trees and bushes or plants. Name some small fruits which grow on rather tall trees, bushes, or plants.

When asked to name four seasons, Jim replied, "Sugar, salt, mustard, vinegar." What should he have said? What question would bring the answer which he gave?



Vogelfütterung Feeding the Birds
 Christine Wiplinger, Age 9



Hans im Glück
 Lucky Hans
 Elisabeth Molitor, Age 10



Kinder gehen nach Hause
 Children Going Home
 Helli Weiszmandel, Age 7



Der Rattenfänger von Magdalenengrund
 The Pied Piper of Magdalenen
 Elisabeth Braun, Age 8



Erntewagen
 Harvest Wagon
 Silvia Herzig, Age 9

Drawings made by children of Austria



Vogelmarkt
 Bird Market
 Gertraud Rauch, Age 8



Meine Freunde
 My Friends
 Traude Pratscher, Age 9



Wunderblume
 Wonderful Flower
 Margit Schachl, Age 8



Österreichisches Land
 Austria
 Hedwig Löffler, Age 9

Good-bye!

until next month



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